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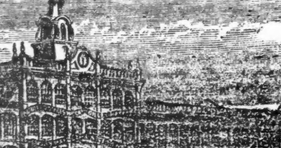

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Secretary, Pa., Feb. 26, 1869.
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MY DREAM OF DREAMS.

BY ALICE CARY.

ALONE within my house I sit;
The lights are not for me,
The music, nor the mirth; and yet
I lack not company.

So gayly go the gay to meet,
Nor wait my griefs to mend—
My entertainment is more sweet
Than thine, to-night, my friend.

Whilst thou, one blossom in thy hand,
Bewall'st my weary hours,
Upon my native hills I stand
Waist-deep among the flowers.

I envy not a joy of thine;
For while I sit apart
Soft Summer, O fond friend of mine,
Is with me in my heart.

Ay, ay, I'm young to-night once more;
The years their hold have loosed,
And on the dear old homestead door
I'm watching, as I used,

The sunset hangs its scarlet fringe
Along the low white clouds,
While, radiant with their tender tinge,
My visions come in crowds.

The doves fly homeward over me,
The red rose bravely gleams,
And first and last and midst I see
The dream of all my dreams.

I need not say what dream it was,
Nor how in life's lost hours
It made the glory of the grass,
The splendor of the flowers.

I need not wait to paint its glow
With rainbow light nor sun;
Who ever loved that did not know
There is no dream but one?

My frosty locks grow bright and brown;
My step is light once more;
The world now dropping darkly down
Comes greenly up before.

Comes greenly up before my eyes,
With gracious splendor clad,
That world which now behind me lies
So darkly dim, so sad.

Shot over with the purpling morn,
I see the long mists roll,
And hear beneath the tasseled corn
The winds make tender dole.

I hear, and all my pulses rouse
And give back trembling thrills,
The farm-boy calling with his cows
The echoes from the hills.

So soft the plashing of the rain
Upon the peach-tree leaves,
It hardly breaks the silvery skein
The dark-browed spider weaves.

The grasshopper so faintly cries
Beneath the dock's round burs
That in the shadow where she lies
The silence scarcely stirs.

Bright tangles of the wings of birds
Along the thickets shine,
But O how poor are common words
To tell of bliss divine!

So let thy soft tears cease to fall,
My friend, nor longer wait;
I have my recompense for all
Thou pitiest in my fate.

The joys thou hold'st within thy glance
Thou canst not make to last;
Mine are uplifted to romance—
Immortal, changeless, fast.

When pleasures fly too far aloof,
Or pain too sorely crowds,
I go and sit beneath my roof
Of golden morning clouds.

There back to life my dead hope starts,
And well her pledge redeems,
At close within my heart of hearts
I hug my dream of dreams.

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

JUNE, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

No city could be fairer than Washington this morning of June. Looking down upon it from the Capitol, it is a perfect wilderness of bloom. For the last two weeks it has rained almost without cessation—a soft, steadfast rain, that sometimes fell to quarreling with the winds of nights, but which spent all its days in feeding the earth. Now of it is born a marvel of foliage, that the tropics could scarcely surpass. Everywhere the eye abides on that deep, cool, restful green, which is at once so soothing and satisfying to the weary human sight. The trees bow under their wonderful crowns. They make delicious arcades above our heads; they stretch out alluring arms and draw us into their shadow; they whisper to us through all the tranquil morning and evening hours. The dust has not touched them, the sun has not scorched them, the summer has not consumed their succulent life. All beauty grows to one absolutely perfect moment. This is the supreme moment of the tree. When I write you again it will have gone; but now, everywhere—on Capitol Hill, in President Square, along the country roadside, beneath my window—they bend and sway, and murmur with almost human tones, and their beauty is sheer, virgin, and perfect.

So, there is nothing in Washington but moment so wonderful as the trees; not even Mr. "Spotted Tail" and his companions, who this moment are disporting themselves on Pennsylvania Avenue, in blue blankets, lined with fur, with yellow-leaf fans in their hands, which they are whisking violently before their frightful painted faces. For Mr "Spotted Tail" I have a deep disgust. I am sorry the Lord ever made him, or any of his kind. I would respectfully advise all who have an unfeigned desire to see the "poor Indian" as he is to visit "the land of the Dakotahs, the land of falling waters." If Mr. Longfellow had cultivated him there, he would never have written the song of Hiawatha." If there is anything on the face of the earth malicious, cruel, filthy, and dreadful, it is a "Sioux" Indian. Mr. "Spotted Tail" and Mr. "Red Cloud" are no better. Their never-ending pastime is the outrage and slaughter of innocent women and children. They are as craven as they are cruel in their warfare. The horror of their doing is a shame to human nature, a terror to the exposed and helpless. It has been so long the sentimental fashion to cry "Lo, the poor Indian!" and to lay the blame of his long decades of unexampled treachery and butchery to the treatment of the white man, that all just perception of the true Indian character has been lost. Doubtless, he has been wronged many times. For every wrong he has endured most horribly has he avenged himself. How horribly the half-filled graves on the far-off plains, the long tresses on many a bleeding scalp, the eagle-feathers on his own fiendish head do well attest. For atrocities perpetrated in retaliation for wrong done himself there is, at least, some excuse. But his unpardonable deeds of cruelty have been committed (and by some of this very band) against the weak and the innocent within a very few years, and while everything possible was being done by the Government for the protection of the Indians. No less would I have absolute justice done them. Nothing that they have done could justify white men in descending to their level of rapacity. But "I do object" to the maudlin sentiment which makes a Logan of every disgusting Dacotah. We might just as well accept the fact that the Indian of the imagination exists only in Cooper's novels and the Third Reader. Nevertheless, these wretches are strutting up and down the Avenue as if they had never murdered lovely woman and pounced on poor emigrants in their lonely wagons. They gibber and grunt when the "Great Mother," as they call little Mrs. Grant, gives them tobacco; and "the Great Father," her husband, with touch of fellow feeling, gives them pipes. And the diplomatic corps put on their court regalia the other evening, and came to the White House to meet these Indians in theirs. "The *élite* of Europe and the *bon ton* of barbarism met"; and it is difficult to tell which looked the most ridiculous. If the *élite* had ever seen the "*bon ton*" sitting naked in Minnesota, hideously painted, eating decaying entrails, interspersed with unearthly yells and whoops, as your inscribing friend has, perhaps they would have concluded that they were not worth astonishing, even with European goldlace. If it is possible for the Government to enter into some compact with Mr. Spotted Tail and Mr. Red Cloud and their compeers which will insure them all their native rights, and our citizens their lives in their homes and on the road, we may devoutly thank God. But the trouble is not with the Government, which sincerely seeks to secure to the Indians all protection and privilege. The chief trouble is in their own bloodthirsty souls; and, while there is a human scalp to be taken, an eagle-feather to be won, if they don't take them, it will only be because they can't.

A laughing little breeze comes running from the Capitol and through the Department from a very opposite sort of visitor, who has been making not the ladies, but the gentlemen, look astonished this week—Miss Tennessee Claflin. Why don't she drop the foolish little schoolgirl "Tennie"? A lady who wears a man's hat, and appears in the office of gentlemen with this same man's hat in hand, surely should never write herself for the world "Tennie," like the silly daughter of a doting ma. I never like to find fault with women. I don't like to be found fault with myself; therefore, with no reputation for it, and not without tenderness of compassion when I am laying it on other people. When a woman enters an office, or a profession, or upon any honorable calling whatever, my heart's desire and prayer to God is *always* that she may succeed, and reach the highest standard of usefulness and honor. Thus, when two ladies opened a broker's office—though small on finance myself, and far from being able to comprehend how they could do it—I still said my prayer that, if they did it, they might be successful, and amid the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street preserve the truth and gentleness of women. I offer the same God-speed to their paper—if they can be content to conduct that paper *as* women, and not ape in its columns the worst faults of the demagogue man. A spirited, gay, truthful, talented journal in the City of New York, owned and conducted by women, would be something to be justly proud of. In this day the prejudice is not against women doing anything which they can do well; the prejudice is against the woman who is not content to do a thing well without making *herself* personally *queer*. In man or woman an aping after eccentricity always betrays mental weakness or inordinate vanity. It may amuse; it never wins respect. Thus Miss Tennessee Claflin might have come to Washington and scattered five thousand copies of her *Journal*, as she did, without attracting a word of ridicule, had she so chosen. Then people would only have remembered her as handsome, bright, and charming. As it is, the chief impression seems to have been left behind by her hat. To see a strange lady enter his office was not necessarily a surprising sight to a gentleman. To see one enter and dash a big hat on the table like a man *was*—rather. Most men would have more respect for that hat on their own heads. To publish a paper is one thing, and a very honorable one; to offer one's self for the presidency, and to provoke remark by *outré* raiment is quite another. It's a pity the two should go together—that the honorable should be harmed and hindered by the preposterous.

Within the last week the body of one has been laid in her native earth whose lovely presence will long be missed in Washington. Mrs. Wilson, the wife of Senator Wilson, went out from among us in the fair May days, and the places which have known her here so long and so pleasantly will know her, save in memory, no more forever. She was a gentle, Christian woman. I have never yet found words rich enough to tell *all* that such a woman is. My pen lingers lovingly upon her name. I would fain say something of her who now lives beyond the meed of all human praise that would make her example more beautiful and enduring to the living. For, in profounder intellectual development resulting from wider culture and larger opportunity, are we in no danger of losing sight of those graces of the spirit which, however exalted her fate, must remain to the end the supreme charm of woman? There is nothing in all the universe so sweet as a Christian woman; as she who has received into her heart, till it shines forth in her character and life, the love of the Divine Master. Such a woman was Mrs. Wilson in this gay capital. When great sorrow fell upon her, and ceaseless suffering, the light from the heavenly places fell upon her face; with an angel patience, and a childlike smile, and an unfaltering faith she went down into the valley of shadows. She possessed a keen and wide intelligence. She was conversant with public questions, and interested in all those movements of the day in which her husband takes so prominent a part. Retiring by nature, she avoided instinctively all ostentatious display; but where help and encouragement was needed by another the latent power of her character sprang into life, and then she proved herself equal to great executive effort. No one can praise her so eloquently as he who loved her and knew her best. To hear Senator Wilson speak of his wife when he taught her, a little girl, in school; when he married her, "the loveliest girl in all the county"; when he received into his heart the fragrance of her daily example; when he watched over her dying, only to marvel at the endurance and sweetness and sunshine of her patience, is to learn what a force for spiritual development, what a ceaseless inspiration was this wife to her husband. Precious to those who live is the legacy of such a life.

M. C. A.

TERRITORIAL GREEDINESS.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE legitimate powers of the General Government are derived from and limited by the Constitution of the United States. No authority can be found in that instrument, even inferentially, to warrant either the Executive or Congress to acquire foreign territory, whether under the treaty-making power, or by direct purchase, or by proffered annexation. When Louisiana was added to our national domains, it was not pretended in any quarter that the act was constitutional. Mr. Jefferson (who was foremost in its consummation) admitted that it was not; but it was winked at on the ground of national advantage and necessity. No one doubts the cogency of the plea; but, being allowed to override the Constitution, it established a very dangerous precedent, which may ultimately end disastrously for the republic. Proving successful, a fresh violation of the Constitution was easy in the purchase of Florida. But Louisiana and Florida were colonial possessions of France and Spain, and not independent sovereignties. The annexation of Texas was a still greater stretch of illegal power. Constituting a large portion of Mexican territory, it was invaded by a lawless band of American filibusters in the interest of Southern slavery, and by the connivance of the American Government perfidiously wrested from its rightful ownership, instantly declared an independent republic, and almost as quickly admitted into the Union by vote of Congress, in total disregard of the treaty-making power, and under circumstances in the highest degree dishonorable to the American people.

See how the game was played! On the 23d of December, 1836, President Jackson sent a special message to Congress in relation to Texas, in which, with feigned disinterestedness, he said: "Providence seems to dictate that we should still stand aloof, and maintain our present attitude, if not till Mexico or one of the great foreign powers shall recognize the independence of the new government, at least until the lapse of time or the course of events shall have proved, beyond all cavil or dispute, the ability of that country to maintain their separate sovereignty, and to uphold the government constituted by them." Yet, before that short session ended, a resolution was adopted by Congress that the independence of Texas should be acknowledged by the Government of the United States; and at eleven o'clock of the night of the 3d of March, an hour before his term of office expired, and just as the Senate was about adjourning, the President sent them the nomination of a minister to Texas, which was promptly ratified!

Here, then, was no ceded territory on the part of a foreign power for a stipulated consideration; but the absorption of a *soi disant* independent republic by our own, in shameless violation of both the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and for the sole purpose of extending the area of chattel slavery. Through the active efforts of the Abolitionists, this measure was strongly opposed in Congress, and vehemently condemned throughout the Free States; but all in vain. Before final action was taken upon it an Address to the People of the Free States of the Union, signed by John Quincy Adams and a score of other members of Congress, was issued, in which they declared: "We hold that there is no constitutional power delegated to any department of the National Government to authorize it; that no act of Congress, or treaty for annexation, can impose the least obligation upon the several states of this Union to submit to such an unwarrantable act or to receive into their family and fraternity such misbegotten and illegitimate progeny." They further declared that "the people of the Free States ought not to submit to it; but we say, with confidence, they would not submit to it." Mr. Adams and his patriotic associates were mistaken in this conclusion; for ready acquiescence followed the perpetration of the usurping deed, so far as the great body of the people were concerned. Thus, as even one so strongly conservative as Edward Everett admitted, we stood self-convicted of the enormous crime of having voluntarily given the greatest possible enlargement to an evil which, in concert with the rest of mankind, we had affected to deplore, and that at a time when the public sentiment of the civilized world, more than at any former period, was aroused to its magnitude.

It is needless here to depict how great a curse has attended that annexation, alike to the peace and prosperity of the nation. Of all the states that rose in rebellion to subvert the Union, none equaled Texas in ferocity of temper or stubbornness of endurance; its every act was characterized by

"The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed Wrath or during Hate
Presented to the tears of soft Remorse."

In one of his eloquent remonstrances to Congress against the growing disposition for territorial aggrandizement Mr. Adams forcibly inquired: "For what do you want it? Are you not large and unwieldy enough already? *Do not two millions of square miles cover enough for the insatiate rapacity of your land-jobbers?* Have you not Indians enough to expel from the land of their fathers' sepulchers and to exterminate? Is your southern and southwestern frontier not sufficiently extensive? not sufficiently fertile? not sufficiently defensible? Why are you adding regiment after regiment of dragoons to your standing army? Why are you struggling to raise *per saltum* that army from less than six to more than twenty thousand men?" These interrogations are even more pungent to-day than when uttered, seeing that the army is nearly twice twenty thousand men, that our national domains are immensely larger, and that the appetite for territorial acquisition is keener than ever.

It was a very bad precedent and an act of inexcusable presumption on the part of William H. Seward, as Secretary of State, on his own motion, without any conceivable necessity as pertaining to the national welfare, and certainly without any even the slightest indication of any popular desire in that direction, to negotiate with the Russian Government for the purchase of Alaska for seven millions of dollars—the national debt at the time amounting to nearly three thousand millions of dollars; and so far committing our own Government as to make the rejection of the contract a very delicate matter toward Russia on the part of Congress. Nevertheless, Congress should not have been dragooned by any such consideration into an approval of the bargain; but it should not only have inflexibly voted it down, but also administered a wholesome rebuke to the meddling and ambitious contractor. For, if it has come to this, that it is only for the President or the Secretary of State to conclude that more territory is needed, or would give *éclat* to his official career, and then to make a bargain for the same in advance of all congressional or public knowledge on the subject, being assured by previous experiments that said bargain will be ratified by Congress, however reluctantly, then to talk of constitutional safeguards and a people's government is a bitter mockery. It is not within the province of the President, or of any member of the National Executive, self-moved or to gratify any clique or ring, to stipulate for the purchase of foreign territory, any more than to offer to sell a foreign power a portion of our own domains, provided Congress will give its consent. Among other needed amendments to the Constitution of the United States is one explicitly forbidding any such negotiations, in the first instance, by the parties here referred to.

Not content with having secured icebound Alaska, Mr. Seward next tried his hand at purchasing of the Danish Government the volcanic island of St. Thomas; but in this instance Congress demurred, and negotiations have ended.

The latest attempt of the kind is the proposition for the purchase and absorption of St. Domingo! No matter that the inhabitants are negroes, nor that they speak another dialect; their island is fair to look upon and fruit-abounding, and may prove very convenient to us in case of a foreign war. And the Dominicans are said to desire the extinction of their republic by being swallowed by our own (?), and we shall be able to "make a good thing out of it," both politically and pecuniarily; and so let us have it without delay! I have such respect for President Grant as to distrust every statement as to his eager desire to make this acquisition, and his purpose to force a reluctant Congress to ratify it; but, if rumor be not a liar in this instance, then I can only express deep regret and unfeigned surprise, and earnestly hope that Congress will not permit its judgment to be overpowered in deference to the wishes of the President, whose motives it is not my intention to impugn. To me there is something so suspicious about this whole Dominican movement—it looks to me so unreasonable that the inhabitants of that island should be suddenly seized with a passion for annexation to the United States—and there is so much of wire-pulling, place-hunting, interested lobbying, and wild speculation involved in it (to say nothing of many other weighty considerations), that I earnestly hope that the question will be postponed, at least, until the next session of Congress; thus affording more time to arrive at a true knowledge of all the facts in the case before any definite action is taken upon its merits.

THE QUAKERS AT NEWPORT.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

THE sweet breath of verdure, floating from surrounding fields, comes to us these June days, telling of the spring-time that has renewed the earth with beauty, and made glorious with foliage and blossom every grove and garden; but not more fragrant now the air of dewy mornings to our physical sense than to our spiritual nature is the advent of the meek and quiet disciples of George Fox. There is a peculiar charm, also, in the mere fact that Newport is the chosen place for the New England Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends; for here, of all places, where fashion holds its annual court, we need the contrast, and perhaps the gentle admonition, which gayety and worldliness now receives from the very presence of the strictest and plainest sect of all Protestantism. True, other denominations once preached a like severity, and Methodists made the wearing of golden ornaments a matter of discipline, and Baptists excluded from fellowship two young men who became so given over to the world's vanities as to have coats made with pockets in them; but now, these denominations having fallen into more worldly habits, it is left for the Quakers alone to bear testimony against the pomp and pride of the world's people. Whence, then, could such testimony be borne to better advantage than just here in Newport? Here, where Mammon spends gold with lavish profusion; where gay pleasure whirls in the mazy dance; where fashion flaunts its meretricious adornments; where luxury pampers its appetites; and where pride struts in a halo of brilliant trappings. Yes, it is well that the disciples of that brave and devout shoemaker who in his day declaimed against effeminacy, and steeple-houses, and water-baptism, and hireling ministers, and would not pull off his hat to magistrates, and would not flatter kings, and endured buffetings and stripes and imprisonments rather than barter away one jot of conscience—it is well that the children of such a father come to us now, bearing their holy testimony against the pride of life, and in favor of solemn service to God.

So, one week ago, the annual gathering commenced here; and to-day it has ended. One brief week; but within the limits of which much has been done for truth and virtue and humanity. During that week the plain dress has been everywhere upon our streets, and the plain speech has been everywhere in our houses; and so simplicity and fashion have been brought together, and Quakerism leaves in all the moral atmosphere the perfume of its sweet influence, more grateful to us than the fragrance of meadows and opening blossoms.

It is very fitting that the Friends should come thus to Newport, as they have done every year for more than two long centuries; for upon this soil they were never subjected, as elsewhere, to fines and imprisonments and death. In years past, Coddington, the governor of the colony, welcomed them; and to-day all the people receive them not less affectionately. In those early times, when the sanctified Puritans, who theorized concerning religious liberty with heavenly grace, and practiced concerning it with hellish cruelty, were doing God service by swinging off the gibbet the gentle and saintly Quakeress, Mary Dyer, the Friends found a refuge in this colony; and here from that day to this they have ever found warm hearts and loving greetings.

This year the gathering has been unusually large, and the number of preachers present greater than ever before. More than thirty approved ministers have had their names recorded, while perhaps two thousand persons have been in attendance upon the meetings. Among the eminent ministers have been Isaac Robeson, of England; Allen Jay, of North Carolina; Robert Douglass, of Indiana; Eliza Varney, of Canada; David Bennet, of New York; Sybil Jones, of Maine; and Caroline E. Talbot, of Ohio. The meetings themselves have been characterized by harmony, fervor, and many tokens of religious life and progress. Besides attending to matters of ecclesiastical discipline and order, many meetings of worship were held, and the Tract, Bible, Peace, Educational, Freedmen's, and other societies held their special services. It is evident that the denomination still possesses marked vigor and fervor. The preaching is accompanied by the demonstration of the spirit; an earnest and prayerful attention pervades the meetings, and great emphasis is placed upon the leading doctrines of grace. Last night a remarkable meeting was held, continuing with great seriousness till eleven o'clock; and at this service, which was opened by the reading of a chapter from the Bible, more than one hundred persons took part either in exhortation or prayer.

A noted fact connected with these meetings is the fraternity existing between the Friends and the two Methodist and the Second Baptist churches. Both the Methodist churches and my own church were occupied last Sunday, and my church again on Wednesday evening, by the Friends. It would have startled my honored professors at Princeton Seminary—who, with becoming Presbyterian orthodox exactness, taught us that women should keep silence in the churches—to see three Quaker sisters, as well as one Quaker brother, in my pulpit; and then to hear Caroline Talbot for an hour preach to a congregation of ten or twelve hundred people. But I never sat in the pulpit more contentedly than with those three women there also; and, as the Friend brother next to me whispered that if I had any concern on my mind he hoped I would feel under no restraint, I ventured, being moved by the spirit, to say how much I enjoyed the communion of saints at that time. Once, at such a service in my church, the portrait of George Fox was hung upon the wall at the right of the pulpit and that of Roger Williams upon the left, and a beautiful cross was placed between and above them both. Thus it is that the cross binds all together. True, Roger Williams, when an old man, came down from Providence to Newport in an open row-boat to hold a discussion concerning water-baptism with George Fox, who was then here on a visit; and, after several days of angry debate, they separated, Roger Williams to continue the controversy in a bitter pamphlet, entitled "The Fox Digged out of his Burrows," and George Fox to reply with another pamphlet, entitled "The Fire Brand Quenched." But, now that those dear saints are walking arm in arm the streets of the New Jerusalem, I have no doubt they are heartily ashamed of their theological squabble, and smile approvingly as they look down over the battlements of the Celestial City and see their disciples keeping in better way the bonds of peace in the unity of the spirit.

Thus this day closes the Quaker meetings. As they depart, we say: Farewell, dear friends. God has placed you as lights in a dark world. Be faithful in the centuries to come, as in the ages past, to your high and holy mission. So shall we all the better learn by your example how to live a blameless and godly life in the midst of a perverse world.

SUMMER RECREATION—SARATOGA.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE summer *solstice* has come, and with it the standard question of the fashionable, well-to-do, and hard-worked portion of the American people, not excepting ministers, especially in the larger cities: Where shall we go, and how shall we spend the months of July and August? "To the White Mountains," says one, "where Nature puts on her imperial robes and shines in lofty grandeur." "To Cape May or Newport," says another, "where old ocean rolls, and sea-bathing prepares the physical man to eat and drink, and stock himself with animal vigor for a whole year." "A trip across the Atlantic, with a flying visit to the Old World, is the thing," shouts a third. "A quiet cottage in the country, back in the woods, and among farmers, with a plenty of fresh vegetables and fine fishing—where one can snuff virgin air, unsmoked by city gases, and listen to the notes of forest songsters—this is the true type of summer recreation," reasons a fourth. "Oh, no," says another, assuming to understand the whole philosophy of this business. "Go to Saratoga. This is just the place for you. Here are the finest hotels in the country; here the greatest number of visitors resort; here you may have the gayest time, and get the fullest *quid pro quo* for your money; and here you can find health-giving waters as you can nowhere else."

Very well; suit yourselves, and go where you like, provided always that you can foot the bills. That man or woman must be very hard to be pleased who cannot find some place in this country that will answer the purpose. Among the whole, all things considered, we think that Saratoga, sensibly used and sensibly enjoyed, deserves to carry off the palm. So ministers judge, as proved by their practice. Probably a greater number of clergymen visit Saratoga in the summer season than at any other place in the whole country. The air is healthful, the accommodations various and ample, and the waters beneficial to almost every one who uses them with reasonable discretion. Of course, one may make a fool of himself here by surfeiting, dissipation, late hours, and sundry immoralities incident to such a place, just as he may anywhere else; and many choose to do so. Yet this is not the fault of the place, but rather of the people who go there.

Recreation, within just and proper limits, though never to be sought as an *end*, but only as a *means*, is a necessity to human nature, being not only innocent, but actually demanded for the recuperation of power exhausted by long and continuous taxation. It in this respect serves the same purpose as sleep. Men will live longer, do more work, and do it better, by occasionally changing their modes of action than if they keep themselves sternly fixed in one beaten and unvarying line. They may not necessarily lessen the amount of their daily activity, mental or bodily; yet the change in its form is equivalent to positive rest. There is, hence, solid hygienic philosophy in these summer recreations to which the American people have become so largely accustomed. They cost money and take time; yet, if pursued reasonably, they return more than an equivalent for the outlay.

Ministers, crowded as they are, especially in cities, with parochial and other engagements, that literally seem to have no end except in absolutely flying away from them, find a vacation-period of a month not only a most welcome relief, but a substantial profit—fitting them to run the machinery of their church duties with increased vigor. Their congregations ought to be perfectly willing to grant them this release, and to pay them so liberally that they can afford the expense without embarrassment. Ministers are men, and have bodies as well as souls. They have duties to themselves as well as to other people; and, if any class of men need a period for recreation, then we know of no class more needing it than ministers. Hence we do not wonder at all that Saratoga every summer has her full quota of clergymen among the guests that throng this great watering-place of the earth.

Every one, in coming to Saratoga as a stranger, naturally raises the *hotel* question. Where shall he stop? What are the names of the hotels, and what are their recommendations in respect to charges, accommodations, situation, etc.? All have heard of Congress Hall and Union Hall—the great hotels of Saratoga; and here the fashionable, the gay, and the rich money-spenders, and sometimes the really poor ones, gravitate together in heaps by their own natural affinity. Another class, perhaps quite as sensible, look elsewhere; and to this class we have a word to say, founded on some experience.

Some years since we asked the expressman who went through the cars to get the baggage-checks to name to us the *best* hotel in Saratoga. "The best for *what* purpose?" said he, looking inquisitively. We gave him an exposition of the word *best* in the sense in which we meant to use the term. "Oh!" said he, "what you want is the Temple Grove. That is the hotel for you, up on Lincoln Avenue." The man spake with such an appearance of candor that we concluded to take his advice, and have acted upon it ever since when visiting Saratoga. This hotel, situated on the finest street in Saratoga, surrounded by beautiful shade-trees and with ample grounds, and within three minutes' walk of Congress Spring, is really one of the choicest spots in the whole village. Its lodging-rooms are large and airy, its fare excellent, and its charges moderate as compared with Congress Hall, with a deduction in favor of clergymen, who are assumed not to be specially embarrassed with an excessive quantity of this world's goods. It is kept by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, a Presbyterian minister, who is in every sense a Christian gentleman, and who uses the building in the fall, winter, and spring months as a seminary for young ladies. It comfortably accommodates about one hundred and fifty guests. Every morning the gong sounds at about 9 o'clock, to invite the guests to the parlor for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. The people who usually stop here are ministers, and those sensible persons who want a comfortable home, without the extreme of fashion, or the unbearable crowding and elbowing of Congress Hall. Being here, they can be in the crowd when they desire it, and then be quiet when this best suits them; and thus they can, at their pleasure, take Saratoga life on all its sides.

The Rev. Mr. Dowd, if his eyes should happen to fall upon this article, will have the kindness to excuse these familiar *personalities* of a guest who has tried his hospitality in other days, and means ere long to try it again. We pay him this tribute because he deserves it. We do so in the hearing of the public from sincere goodwill to those who propose to visit Saratoga this summer. Our advice to them is to try Temple Grove: and, if the effect be upon them what it has been upon us, they will not regret the trial, and be very sure to repeat it another season. Saratoga first of all the places in this country, and then Temple Grove first of all the places in Saratoga—these are two ideas in which at least one man believes. He has noticed that others seem to have the same faith, as shown by their successive visits to the same place and the same hotel.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I ATTENDED, as a spectator, a meeting held yesterday at the Mansion House, in response to the invitation addressed to British Christians by the committee of the approaching World's Convention in New York. The design seems to have been to secure for the response, if not a national, at least a municipal dignity. One of the speakers assured the lord mayor, in moving him a vote of thanks for consenting to preside, that the Americans regarded the mayor of London as only second to royalty itself. I am not aware that we make so great a mistake as that, nor that we regard an aristocratic prefix or suffix as giving a name the weight of great worth and great authority. I must admit that my own estimate of the ability implied in the term

The Independent.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Though Summer's warm and throbbing heart
Hath shivering thrilled a sudden pain!
And blinding tears, in burning rain,
Are falling at the bitter dart!

Wherever in our English tongue
Hath gone the message "He is dead!
The household friend so dear is dead!"
It is as if a knell were rung.

For nevermore in blooming June
He'll talk to us beneath the trees,
Or come across the winter seas,
To weave his genial Christmas rune!

Unfinished lies the work he planned—
The fair, the passionate, the just;
Their mystery dissolves in dust,
Since dust is now the master hand!

Yet such as he can never die.
We only have to shut the door,
Drop curtains, and the page once more
Is glowing! Let the world go by!

And he who wrought so well may speak!
Heart beat to heart, brain answer brain;
The dead is all alive again.
Who called him dead, our hearts to break?

Lie sweet, oh! fadeless immortelles,
Each whiter than an infant's kiss,
Upon that laureled grave of his,
Where yet so little of him dwells.

For he is ours! We hold him so.
Of our bright homes he is a part,
And dear and dearer to each heart,
Since death hath laid him cold and low!

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XVIII.

ADMISSION OF MISSOURI—CLAY'S COMPROMISE.

The action of Congress had left Missouri free to establish, guard, and perpetuate the slave system. The convention for framing the constitution not only established slavery, but provided in that instrument that it should be the duty of the general assembly as soon as might be to pass such laws as were necessary to prevent free negroes or mulattoes on any pretext whatever from coming into or settling in the state. The framers of this constitution, elated by their great triumph, thus violated not only the common principles of humanity, but the rights of citizenship, as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

The second session of the Sixteenth Congress convened on the 13th of November, 1820. The next day the President sent to the Senate a copy of the constitution of Missouri. It was referred to a select committee, of which Mr. Smith, of South Carolina, was chairman. On the 29th the committee reported a resolution for the admission of Missouri. The chairman stated that the constitution was republican in form, and he trusted it would at once be acted upon, and the members of the new state promptly admitted to the national councils. Mr. Eaton, of Tennessee, moved that its consideration be postponed, in order that he might examine it, to see if it were consistable in all respects with the Constitution of the United States. He suggested that "there were controverted points in it." Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, did not object to the postponement. "The question," he said, "swallows up, in fact, every other; and, until it is settled, we cannot go on with the ordinary business of the session." It was remarked by Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, that he had supposed the question had been decided at the last session. So fully persuaded was he of the fact that he had supposed that "accursed would be the hand that would again open this fountain of bitter waters." The motion prevailed, and the question came up again on the 6th of December. Although Mr. Barbour suggested that the mind of every senator was fully made up, and the question could be decided without debate, "the controverted points in the Constitution" were at once revealed.

Mr. Eaton moved to add a proviso that "nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to give the assent of Congress to any provision of the constitution of Missouri, if any such there be, which contravenes that clause in the Constitution of the United States which declares that 'the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states.'" A proviso was then moved by Mr. Wilson, of New Jersey, referring specifically to the objectionable clause in the constitution of Missouri; but it received the votes of only nine members. Mr. Eaton's proviso was then lost by 21 nays 24.

Mr. Burrill, of Rhode Island, a dissenting member of the committee, then addressed the Senate. He was a ripe scholar and an eminent lawyer, by whose early death his state and the nation sustained a serious loss. Speaking with clearness and precision, he maintained that the act admitting Missouri was in the nature of a contract between the United States and the people of Missouri; and it was competent for Congress, and it was its duty, to see if that contract had been faithfully fulfilled. Referring to the obnoxious clause, he said he conceived it to be "entirely repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. In Massachusetts there is no distinction of color, and all possess precisely the same rights. Can it be possible for Missouri, consistently with the Constitution, to exclude any of those citizens of Massachusetts from the state? The states of this Union are not independent nations. When they framed the Constitution they used the language 'We, the people.' Sanction this improper clause now, and you sanction it for all time to come; and, however we may desire hereafter to avoid it, it will be irrevocably fixed."

Mr. Smith, chairman of the committee, followed in an elaborate speech of great length. "The history of the ancient world," he said, "affords no precedent. As no example is found in the history of any other nation, and this being the first time when this question has occurred in our own government, whether free negroes and mulattoes are citizens, we must ascertain their *status* from the Constitution of the United States and the state constitutions. They furnish a mass of evidence, which none but a skeptic can doubt, that they have been considered a part of the body politic neither by the General Government nor the state governments." Alluding to the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, he asked: "If this were a declaration of independence for the blacks as well as the whites, why did you not all emancipate your slaves at once and let them join you in the war?" Referring to the naturalization laws, he maintained that they were for white persons only. He showed that in several of the free states white inhabitants only were allowed political privileges. By a full and mortifying recital of national as well as state legislation, he was able to show how strangely and cruelly the nation had discriminated for the whites and against the blacks. He closed by presenting a tabular statement, procured from the custom-house in Charleston, South Carolina, of the names of all the vessels, and their owners, which had entered that port during the four years ending in 1807. From that statement it appeared that citizens of Rhode Island had imported eight thousand slaves, one-fifth of all which had been brought into the country; "thus showing that those people who most deprecate the evils of slavery and the traffic in human flesh can sell human flesh with an easy conscience when a profitable market can be found."

John Holmes, of Maine, who had, as representative from Massachusetts, at the preceding session, labored so efficiently to defeat prohibition in Missouri and to compromise the rights of freemen, now made a specious argument, in which he maintained that Missouri had not impaired her claim for admission by prohibiting the entrance of free negroes and mulattoes. Asserting that states might enact laws against paupers and vagabonds, he alleged that it was safe to assume that manumitted slaves would become such. He maintained that free negroes and mulattoes were not citizens within the meaning and intent of the Constitution, and contended that no one could be a citizen unless he had an agency in the formation and administration of the laws; that free negroes and mulattoes had not that agency, and, therefore, were not citizens; and hence their exclusion by Missouri was not an infraction of the Constitution.

Mr. Otis, of Massachusetts, replied in a speech of great elegance and force. To Mr. Holmes's definition of citizenship, and argument thereon, he replied that if an unjust state government might "create odious and other distinctions between its privileged and other classes," that certainly could not divest them of "the right of protection in life, liberty, and property, of residence and inheritable blood." The resolution, after further debate, was passed by eight majority.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Scott, early in the session, presented the constitution of Missouri, which was referred to a select committee, of which Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, was chairman. A report was promptly made in favor of its admission as a state. It was the subject of continuous debate for several days. Mr. Sargent, of Pennsylvania, made a very able speech in opposition to the report. Referring to the clause of the Constitution giving to the citizens of one state the privileges and immunities of citizens in other states, he declared his inability to see how that could be constitutional which forbade a citizen of Massachusetts "to set his foot in the state of Missouri." The simple privilege of locomotion is all that is asked for now; and surely that must be one of the privileges and immunities of citizenship. This learned lawyer and able and upright statesman emphatically affirmed that this clause of the constitution of Missouri respecting free people of color was "a plain and palpable infraction of the Constitution of the United States"; that "the plain course then was not to receive the constitution," and that it was "the duty of this House to *reject* it."

Mr. Storrs, of New York, who had steadily voted, at the previous session, against the restriction of slavery in Missouri, avowed it to be his intention to vote against the admission of that state, because her constitution was repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. He made a learned and able speech, in which he maintained that the clause in the Constitution which secured to the citizens of each state the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several states is "laid deep in the structure of the Government," "is capable of no construction which does not plainly denote the universality of its operation and its uniform application to individual right throughout every portion of the nation." The same views were maintained and enforced with great clearness by Mr. Hemphill, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Malory, of Vermont.

These views were combatted by Lowndes, Philip P. Barbour, and Archer, of Virginia, and by McLane, of Delaware, in elaborate but spacious arguments. Mr. Barbour considered a free person of color as a nondescript class. In some states they have some civil rights, in others none; in some states they have some political rights, in others none." Mr. Lowndes said: "No federal privileges had been conferred upon that degraded caste of our population, rejected, as they were, in every state, from social and political privileges, either by the protection of law or the feelings of society."

Mr. Cook, of Illinois, made this point: Congress, in consideration of military services, had granted land bounties for lands in Missouri, some of which had been received by free people of color. They had thus acquired a fee simple of the soil. These rights even the United States could not take away or infringe; and yet Missouri, a subordinate power, proposed virtually to do that very thing. This encroachment he pronounced "both unjustifiable and unconstitutional."

The debate was brought to a close on the 13th of December, and the resolution of admission was rejected by a majority of fourteen. This result produced much excitement. Mr. Lowndes immediately arose and said, with deep feeling: "I do not wish to be disrespectful to a majority of the House; but I feel it my duty to call on them, having rejected the resolution, proposed by a committee of their appointment, to devise and propose the means necessary to protect the territory." The deep emotion exhibited by Mr. Lowndes, one of the ablest and certainly one of the most courteous and moderate of Southern statesmen, was fully shared by the representatives and people of the slaveholding states; who, with equal intensity of feeling, were less choice in their modes of its expression.

In the latter part of January, Mr. Eustis, of Massachusetts, proposed that Missouri should be admitted on condition that she should expunge from her constitution the clause discriminating against free people of color. After various motions, the proposition was rejected by a vote approaching unanimity. Mr. Clay, who had been absent during the first weeks of the session, then immediately arose and gave notice that he should move to take up the Senate resolution. On the 29th he made the promised motion, and supported it in an earnest and powerful argument, in which he denied that there was any repugnance between the clauses so often referred to in constitutions of the United States and Missouri.

An amendment was then offered by Mr. Foote, of Connecticut, providing that Missouri should be admitted on condition she should expunge the objectionable clause. This amendment, after various motions and modifications, was rejected by a decided majority. Other amendments were offered, and the debate ranged over the general subjects of the evils of slavery, the rights of the South, the balance of power, and the obligations and value of the Union. When the several amendments which had been offered and debated were rejected, Mr. Clay moved that the Senate resolution should be referred to a select committee of thirteen. This motion was agreed to; the committee was appointed, and he was made its chairman.

The committee made an early report. Referring to the conflicting views entertained by members, this report declared that the committee thought it best that, without either side abandoning its opinion, an endeavor should be made to frame an amendment to the Senate resolution, which, without compromising either, should guard and guarantee the rights of both. The gist of the resolution was contained in a fundamental condition and two provisos. It declared that "the said state shall never pass any law preventing any description of persons from going to and settling in the said state who now are or may become citizens of any state of the Union; provided that the state, by solemn public act, shall declare its assent to this fundamental condition, and provided that this act shall not be so construed as to take from Missouri any right or power exercised by any of the original states." After exciting debates and various proposed amendments, the resolution was brought to a vote, and rejected by eighty yeas to eighty-three nays. This vote was strangely significant of the state of public sentiment, and the almost even balance of parties in that excited contest. Thus the report of the select committee was at first rejected in the committee of the whole, then accepted by the House, then rejected on the third reading, reconsidered, and then finally defeated by six majority.

During this close and desperate struggle several earnest and powerful speeches were made. Among them was one by Charles Pinckney. Referring to the fact that he was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, he avowed that, "the article on which so much stress is laid, and on the meaning of which the whole of the question is made to turn, and which is in these words, 'The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities in every state,' having been made by me, it is supposed I must know or perfectly recollect what I meant by it. In answer, I say that at the time I drew the clause of the Constitution I knew that there did not then exist such a thing in the Union as a black or colored citizen; nor could I then have conceived it possible such a thing could ever have existed in it; nor do I now believe one does exist in it." In defense of this explicit statement, he proceeded to define what constituted a citizen in his own state, in which the black man was certainly not so regarded. He then charged upon the North, upon the New England States even, that the black man was not so regarded after the abolition of slavery there. Referring to the cruel laws and practices of the free states, he maintained that, so far from treating free colored persons as citizens, the people of those states deemed any admixture of blood or any connection with them to be a disgrace.

This second defeat of the proposition for the admission of Missouri deepened and intensified the sectional feeling in Congress and in the country. Mr. Brown, of Kentucky, sought by resolution to repeal the slavery restriction embodied in the Missouri Compromise of the preceding session. He made a long and earnest speech in support of his proposition; but it was defeated by a decisive vote.

On the 22d of February Mr. Clay made another effort to secure the admission of Missouri by moving for the appointment of a joint special committee of the two houses to consider the subject and report what action can be taken or agreed upon concerning it. After an hour's debate the motion was agreed to, and a committee of twenty-three on the part of the House was chosen by ballot. The Senate concurred in the vote by a large majority, and chose seven men, at the head of whom was John Holmes, of Maine. The joint committee reported a resolution, which its chairman, Mr. Clay, considered as being the same in effect as that reported by the committee of thirteen. It was very briefly considered, the previous question was moved, and the bill passed by a vote of 87 to 81. The resolution was sent to the Senate, and passed by the decided vote of 28 to 14. Thus the determined purpose, persistency, and tact of the slaveholding interest, sustained by the active influences of the President and his cabinet, achieved another triumph.

The legislature of Missouri promptly complied with the conditions of the compromise, which required "that the fourth clause of 26th section of the 3d article of the constitution, submitted on the part of said state to Congress, shall never be construed to authorize the passage of any law, and that no law shall be passed in conformity thereto, by which any citizen of either of the states in this Union shall be excluded from the enjoyment of any of the privileges and immunities to which such citizen is entitled under the Constitution of the United States."

Thus was closed the Missouri controversy, which had lasted more than two years, and which had stirred the country to its profoundest depths. The debates were earnest, able, and often eloquent. Seldom has any question drawn out a debate in Congress so elaborate and exhaustive. Not only were the conflicting principles of freedom and slavery at issue, and the interests of the two sections at stake; but the passions, prejudices, and pride of both sides were thoroughly aroused. The personal and pecuniary interests of the Southern members and those they represented were immediately and seriously involved. The South was a unit. Her representatives were therefore impelled to put forth the most strenuous efforts. In that great struggle it was admitted that slavery rather than freedom commanded the services not only of the most earnest but of the most eloquent debaters of both houses, and of statesmen of the largest experience and most commanding influence in the country.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by H. O. Houghton, in the year 1870, in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CONDENSATION.

BY JOEL BENTON.

The word of weight and reiteration concerning style is Brevity. Do what you do within limits. Appreciate time. If you would be heard, have mercy on your audience. "The sense of the world is short," says the poet; and then sums up in five words the purport of human history—"To love and be beloved."

What could a whole library say more?

Not to draw the point too fine, there is room for all styles; but let each avoid surplusage. Redundance is the besetting sin. Daniel Webster's excuse for a long speech puts the argument in a nut-shell. He had no time to make it short.

The temptation to multiply words is great, and to the young writer irresistible. It is so easy, and saves at least *his* time. But the readers in each particular case are many; the writer one. Is their time of no account? Think, too, of the reams of white paper, and the human force converted into torrents of wind, that might be saved for better uses, if no sentence could exceed ten words. Such a rule might be tyranny; but it would remand pompousness, and verbosity, and peripatetic windbags to their appropriate limbo.

But, obvious as my position seems, I find its ground controverted with warmth. Mr. Eugene Benson, who never commits the unpardonable sin of dullness, and is worthy to be heard, thinks the law of condensation "fatal to the very idea of literature."* He says: "Literature is the blossoming into expression of the human faculties. The very principle of its life is involved in abundant and unrestrained expression; it is a flowering of human experience, and condensation is no more the law of its ultimate manifestation than it is the law of the bursting bloom of an appletough in spring time. So far as it addresses us, it is by its abundance and expansiveness; it is by the very prodigality of its manifestation that it charms us."

Let us analyze a little. The apple-bough figure is hardly made with accuracy. Properly amended, I accept it. When it blossoms, it broods, or thinks. It finds expression not in May, but in October. When leafage and luxuriance fade, what do we note? A dozen flowers have aborted to produce one apple; as a dozen thoughts have been combined, or sorted, to make one sentence. Mr. B. is equally at fault in his examples. "Condense," he says, "the opulent Ruskin! In other words, pluck his gorgeous plumage, and make him like any common barnyard fowl, ready for *our* market! And what would remain of Ruskin's means to give pleasure as a writer?"

Now I appeal to Ruskin's most appreciative reader, and ask, What would he *not* give if Ruskin had only condensed himself—if he had but realized the true continence of words? I want him to abate no real worth, suspend no well-sustained flight; but who does not feel that there are scores of pages up and down his works which possess only his rhetorical gymnastic—a beating of the air, with no sturdy purpose behind it?

Of all men in the world, to cite Shakespeare and Emerson as the literary endorsers of volume and volubility! Yet our author does this. If Shakespeare is prodigal in words, when *is* he so without being pregnant in thought? There is a difference between a wide range of words and a mere bulky abundance—a circle to draw from and a circumlocution drawn. Besides, it must be remembered of Shakespeare that he delineates action and character, as well as thought. His characters, if they speak at all, must shadow forth their minds; and he could not be just and make Trinculo talk like Hamlet. But, if here are really two styles, which will you emulate, the clown's or the poet's? And yet, I will allow, not many poets are as wise as Shakespeare's clowns.

Mr. Emerson gives us his books, of moderate size, once in ten years. We do not expect them oftener than we do the census. But what statistics they bring us! There is news from all parts of the universe; but it is given in microcosm. If I were to formulate his style, I should say: A library in a volume, a volume in a page, a page in a sentence. I notice Mr. Benson terms the condensed style prosaic; but Emerson's prose, which has a condensation of which Cobbett had no idea, is musical with rhythm and aflame with fire. His poems reach the acme of human expression. They exhaust alike the force and freedom, the power and beauty of articulate speech.

Let us call to the stand Dickens and De Quincey. Mr. Benson summons the latter as "expansive and abundant." He is usually the stock example of what rhetoric can do on a gallop, in long heats, without getting out of breath. I confess his charm and rare felicities; but, if he is opulently luxurious and exuberant, he too frequently bourgeons forth into mere wood and barren vines. Both these authors might with advantage have put their wisdom and wit in deeper vessels. De Quincey's style is luminous like a rocket, and wonderful as the body of thought; but he is often tiresomely diffuse and involved—a stream of superficialness, without requisite depth. Dickens, brimming with humor and picturesque and amusing in character, possesses the most watery style, regarded simply as such, to be found in an author of so much worth. If his first literary work had been translating the much-abused Greek and Latin, instead of reporting to fill gaping columns, or a gaping purse, who doubts it must have been better? De Quincey's dreams, like Coleridge's vision of Kubla Khun, are largely the product of opium, and owe their gorgeousness to morbid exaltation. But no one disputes his eloquence when in his best mood.

Mr. Borden's process of condensing milk, which takes out the water and leaves the substance, suggests a treatment for all who use the pen. The Tuppers and Country Parsons, however, are past help. No process can save *them*; and, if the law of specie payment prevailed in literature—the rendering of thoughts for words—their issues would fall to the recognized level of Confederate notes.

The wisdom, wit, and worth of all literatures come to us in proverbs. They are snugly enclosed, like the meat in an egg. You feel instantly that nothing is to be taken from them; nothing added. Here is wheat, with the chaff all winnowed. The words are electrically charged; and they pass from language to language, from century to century. They are vascular; if you shout down them, they would bleed. They do not directly represent style; but that for which style exists—sharp, clear-cut thought.

Rufus Choate had the doubtful distinction of a military rhetorician—a marshal of words. It is placed to his memory that he once called into action a sentence of five hundred. The feat is not impossible; but who would set forth the example for imitation by the profane? We admire his sparkle and coruscation; but just imagine his manner, without *his* genius to buoy it up. Who could endure it?

I am willing to listen or read by the hour, if the speaker or author will only give me thought, or that which suggests it. We are not in need of words; but the essence they enfold. If there is any reason why a volume should contain six hundred pages, instead of one hundred, I must feel it as I go along. I would not curtail an author's just power; but I ask him to look at the clock, and remember the brevity of human life.

I take the problem of the editor and writer to be: How to crowd a bushel into a pint. His incessant endeavor is to trim and prune away useless volume. He may find whipped syllabub sometimes dainty; but he knows that for nourishment he must provide corn and beef. A diamond in the hand is better than the flatulence of its constituent gas, though it fill the room and stream out of the house. And there remains the admonition of Pythagoras besides: "Unless you have something better than silence to offer, be silent."

* See "Condensation *versus* Literature," in *Appleton's Journal*, No. 49.

PROMISE.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.

To one who is a looker-on, rather than a participator in the affairs of life, wonder often comes. To-day it greets me in this wise: Why should there be such sweetness in promise and such sadness in fulfillment.

In early spring, as we breathe the genial air, we say: "Oh, how lovely! This will bring the birds, the buds, all beautiful greenness." Our gladness is for that which is to come from the present good as much as it is in that good itself. The brown earth opens, forced aside by the tender shoots of the crocus. We rejoice, and say, "How sweet!" then eagerly add, "But soon there will be violets and lilies of the valley!" When they are come, we breathe their sweetness, enjoy their beauty for a moment, then turn to look at the buds on the bushes, and at once project our longings into the coming of June roses. Thus, never quite content in our present treasures, we look forward to the things that are to come, until we find ourselves in the midst of September's salvias and asters; when, lo! we turn and say, with tender sentiment: "Do you remember how specially lovely the violets were last spring?"

Just so it is with other promises. The new-born babe holds in its unconsciousness the mystery of a soul that has come to live the life of Earth's children. Through pain and helplessness, through tears and gladness, it must work its way onward until immortality is won. We know somewhat of the discipline lying in wait for the little one; yet we rejoice, notwithstanding, for we reverence the promise of eternal life which is there. We watch for and triumph in the dawnings of intelligence; we hail with gladness the first "going alone" of the little feet, the grand victory of learning to read. It is the promise for the future that these things hold which underlies and quickens our gladness. The prize at school means to us also a crown of success to more important efforts. Grace, beauty, accomplishments are jewels to adorn the woman whom both we and she are laboring to bring out of childhood and youth. When she has come, wearing her diadem worthily, doubtless she will say, half regretfully: "Oh, but it was sweet to be a child!" And we, who stand by beholding her loveliness, and seeing the way through which she must pass, too often assent. Then love glorifies her; wifehood sanctifies; maternity blesses. Cares come—holy cares. Sorrow comes—sacred sorrow. God casts all these into the wondrous crucible of human life, and by his purifying forces separates the dross and refines the fine gold. Day by day the things left behind are renewed by now and better ones. She knows she would not leave her present to return to the past; yet, with eyes cast backward, she speaks blessings on the things that were, rather to the disparagement of those that are.

Certainly it is well to love a beautiful past—well to watch for and work for a future; but the one should not be regret, the other should be neither impatience nor discontent.

We know at the outset, not of life, but of youth, that "black care sits beside the horseman." We know that God has made the way progressive and of great variety. Morning, noontide, and evening—each have their own individual beauty. Babyhood and youth are unequaled in freshness; but middle age and old age have their noon and evening glories, too. In middle age life's forces are in their fullness; the effervescence of youthful expectation is past, leaving in its stead peaceful trust. One's foothold is firmer, one's joys are deeper; life is more assured and earnest. Individual powers make themselves realized, so that one knows that which it is most possible to accomplish. God's tender mercies in the past give courage and help for time that is to come.

And old age, with its crown of silver hair, its record of years written deeply in wrinkles, its tottering steps feeble from the long journey—is it not beautiful and dear? It holds the harvest of a full life, which waits only for the coming of the reapers. The memory fails as the spirit rests a little before its heavenward flight; the bodily eye sees dimly and the ear hears faintly; for the soul is preparing to look upon the face of the Lord, and to hear that welcome from his lips which shall bring fullness of joy forever and forever.

Then death comes, which is the consummation of life, separating the spirit from its tabernacle of flesh, returning the soul to God who gave it; while to the body, which has suffered many things in the soul's behalf, there is granted cool, quiet sleep, from which it shall never rise to pain and imperfection.

And this—for which we were born, to which all the discipline of life has tended; this, without which time and its lessons would be cruel and needless—is the cause of a dread stronger than all others in its power to poison the springs of life. Even the loving Christian's soul is often for years subject to bondage through fear of it; and only when the hour has really come is the tenderness of its holy mission recognized.

Beyond this hour only the eye of faith can see. "Nevertheless the foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal: the Lord knoweth them that are his." His promise cannot fail; and it is written, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." There is no promise of completeness for us here. We are surrounded by the things of time; and, if we look to them for that which we crave, there must necessarily be disappointment. In a sense, we wear our immortality even now; and it urges us onward and upward in our desires. All the many and sweet good things which our Lord vouchsafes us here are only amelorations of the trials of our pilgrimage; if we will regard them as proofs of his tenderness to us, and as witnesses to his love, there will be no bitterness to our souls in finding that they do not meet our entire need. Rather we shall thank God that he has given us requirements beyond their power. The things that are perishable we can enjoy for their brief day, and shed no tears over their loss; while for our best and dearest—all true faith, honor, friendship, love—no destruction is possible in the holy hereafter, where we shall meet them again fresher and purer than we have yet known them.

And so, when the spring has come, as it is coming, and we feel in it the promise of all beautiful possibilities, let us not give place too much to the "vague unrest" and "nameless longing" which it will bring. Let us try to read aright that which God has written in it of gladness, taking it to our hearts with thankful joy. But let us also know that the voice within, speaking so constantly, is that of our immortality. As the tender shoots at last break the bonds which have enclosed them during the winter, and come up into the free air and warm sunshine, so shall we, too, in God's own time, find our way out of the trammels and cumbrances of earth into full life. Then all God's promises will be fulfilled; the victory over sin and death being won, we shall see the face of the Lord, and shall go no more out of his presence.

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves—perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

Music.

The great Beethoven Jubilee at the Third Avenue Rink filled the whole of last week. In spite of some good features, it has left a disagreeable impression on the public mind, and may fairly be rated as an artistic as well as a pecuniary failure. In the first place, it was a series of false pretenses, the chief of which was affixing to it, for speculative purposes, the name of Beethoven. It has been well remarked that if the spirits of the departed were boots the managers of this cannon and gunpowder jubilee would have run a risk of being kicked off their own premises by the great master whose centenary they feigned to celebrate. Their little fiction, however, instead of attracting the lovers of music, actually kept them away. Connoisseurs—and especially the Germans—were indignant at the transparent humbug, not to say desecration, of using the name of the greatest of musicians for a celebration of this kind; and others were provoked at the gross exaggerations of the advertisements and the recklessness with which promises were made that could not be fulfilled. The audiences consequently were small in numbers, and generally composed for the most part of visitors from the country and the suburbs. The chorus of combined societies, announced as 3,000 strong, varied in numbers from 1,500 to 300 or 400. The orchestra, said to comprise 350 of the best players in America, amounted at first to about 200, *not* of the best, and dwindled away finally to 60. Neither chorus nor orchestra was more than passable, the former being very weak for its size and uncertain in its drilling, and the latter lacking rehearsals, though it was well conducted by Bergmann, Hanslick, Carl Rosa, and P. S. Gilmore. The solo singers—including Parepa, Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Seguin, Miss McCulloch, Brignoli, Le Franc, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Castle, and a long list of other popular operatic artists—were all that they promised to be, and we can fortunately refer to their performances with almost unalloyed satisfaction. The only matter for regret in connection with them is that, in consequence of the lack of orchestral parts, there were only a few pieces they could sing, and the same selections were given over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*. The great success of the week in a popular sense, was made by Mr. P. S. Gilmore with his famous Boston arrangements of the "Anvil Chorus" and the "Star Spangled Banner." The cannon duly roared in time, the chorus swelled its loudest, the organ pealed its best (though, sooth to say, that was not very good), and the people rose in their seats, and shouted, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and asked for it all over again. But this was not Mr. Gilmore's only achievement. He brought with him an admirable reed band of fifty pieces, and gave several overtures and miscellaneous arrangements in a manner which pleased musicians almost as well as the gunpowder music pleased the populace. Less use was made of the Handel and Haydn Society than we expected. They came 550 strong, under the command of Carl Zerrahn, prepared to give "Elijah" in their best style, and to help us in the other choruses. Unfortunately, a rather weak performance of "The Creation" was given before the Boston singers appeared at all, and it proved so uninteresting that the managers took alarm and decided to suppress the other oratorios altogether. After some delay and rude treatment, the Handel and Haydn Society was allowed to sing half of "Elijah," under the direction of their own conductor. On that evening, for the first and last time during the week, a large audience of cultivated New York people attended the festival, and nobly were they repaid for their trouble. No such oratorio singing has been heard in New York before, during our recollection; and there was universal regret that we had so little of it. "The Messiah," which had been promised, was not given at all. In miscellaneous choruses the Handel and Haydn Society had to struggle against a number of half-trained organizations associated with them, and sometimes to submit to a conductor whose tempo and method were radically different from Mr. Zerrahn's; and the effect was, consequently, not nearly so good as when they sang alone. The programmes for the week were terribly confused, and as a general rule were not followed in the performance. Indeed, after the second day, the managers seemed to be drifting with the tide. There was no plan and no order. Rehearsals were so few and inadequate that there might as well have been none at all. The "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Anvil Chorus" were put forward at almost every one of the eleven concerts, and anything else that could be hurriedly prepared was produced to fill up the time. On several occasions the printer was told by telegraph what to put on the programme, and the bills were not ready for distribution till the concert was half over. As the performance, however, generally differed materially from the promise, this made very little difference, except to those journalists who wrote their criticisms among the cigars and champagne-bottles of the "press-room," without hearing the music—five or six of these gentlemen having been signally brought to grief by their elaborate praise of songs which were not sung. Toward the close of the week the confusion was aggravated by occasional rebellions of the unpaid artists, and by Saturday the affair had dwindled away to a very fine point indeed. The popular concert announced for Sunday night was not given. We should not omit to mention that only two of Beethoven's compositions—the Fifth Symphony and the Fourth Overture to "Fidelio"—were performed during the whole Festival. They were performed, however, so poorly that we are thankful there were no more.

Scientific.

The problem how the sun's heat is supplied, when it is being so rapidly expended, is one which is answered in two ways. The more generally received theory is that its own contraction is sufficient to supply the heat, on the same principle on which almost every schoolboy has seen tinder lighted in a cylinder by suddenly compressing the air about it. In this same way it is generally admitted that its heat was first developed by contraction from a nebulous state. Dr. Meyer, of Heilbronn, is the chief expounder of the theory that the furnace may be fed from the constant falling into it of meteoric matter. The quenching of the motion of meteorites falling into the sun would develop heat. The evident reply is that this supply would not be inexhaustible, and that the time would come at last when a final state of exhaustion and consequent solar inaction would take place. This might be admitted; but Dr. Meyer insists that it is not necessary to believe that the mass of meteoric matter would ever be exhausted, as it may be constantly resupplied, and thus a never-ending cycle of changes may be going on. He cites Brayley's proof that, were two bodies as large or half as large as our sun to come within the reach of their mutual attraction, they would rush together with so great a momentum that the shock and the resulting heat would send the particles flying through infinite space. These particles would form meteors, traveling with the velocity resulting from the shock. He believes that many if not all meteors have such an origin. A large fire-ball seen, in 1863, in England, Holland, Belgium, and Germany has been proved to have possessed a velocity seven miles greater per second than it could have possibly acquired by the attraction of the sun; and all meteors and all comets with hyperbolic orbits evidently owe their propelling force to some other cause than the sun. It is not at all incredible that the stars may come within the reach of each other's attraction, in which case they must be resolved into a nebulous condition. The solar system, which had its origin in fire, may yet end in fire.

....Alfred R. Wallace, one of the leading English defenders of the doctrine of Development of Species, argues in *Nature* that Sir Charles Lyell's assumption that one or two thousand millions of years have elapsed since life began on the earth is quite uncalled for, and that the largest calculations from the best data do not require more than 125,000,000 years since the beginning of the Cambrian Period. The new points which he brings up are: that, since the last 60,000 years have been a period of exceptionally low and uniform excentricity of the earth's orbit, no changes in temperature, and the consequent changes in the character and development of species, must have been exceptionally small—much less than when a glacial and a tropical climate succeeded each other every 5,000 or 6,000 years, compelling migrations from north to south, and then inviting them back again, and thus causing adaptations to new conditions and the "struggle for existence" between different species. Of course, this depends considerably on the correctness of Mr. Croll's theory that the variations of excentricity in the earth's orbit will control the earth's climate.

....Mr. Proctor, the English astronomer who has studied as carefully as any man since Maedler the proper motion of the stars, thinks that, if there be any grand center about which the stars belonging to the same sidereal system as our earth revolve, the great star cluster in Perseus has greater claims to be regarded as that center than the Pleiades to which Maedler inclined as the center of the Galaxy. This cluster is worthy of the honor, having hundreds of stars for every one in the Pleiades. He calls attention to the fact that there appear to be in the heavens subordinate systems, having their common center; as, for example, 5 of the 7 bright stars in the Dipper, which are all drifting in a direction opposite to that toward which the sun's proper motion would cause an apparent parallactic motion.

....Even in the case of a bird so latelynaturalized as the turkey, there is considerable doubt as to its origin. It differs from the nearly allied wild birds in having a largely-developed dewlap extending from the base of the under mandible down the forepart of the neck to its base. The wild turkey has lately been bred in a park in England. There are, besides the domesticated species, three wild species: the very beautiful Honduras turkey, the Mexican, found along the Rocky Mountains, and our Eastern wild species. It is supposed that the domesticated turkey was from the West Indies.

....In Mr. W. T. Pritchard's "Polynesian Researches" he says that a fusion of races in the Samoan, Tongan, and Fijian Islands results in the dying out of the progeny in the course of a generation or two. Major F. Millingen, in a late paper on the "Negro Slaves in Turkey," makes the same assertion in reference to cross descent between Turks and Negroes; though he attributes the almost utter absence of people of mixed blood in Turkey—and, in fact, of Negroes of the second generation—to the very unfavorable circumstances by which they are surrounded.

Missionary News.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS FOR 1869.

The most extensive foreign missionary society in the world is the Roman Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which has its seat in Lyons, France. It is the chief society of the Roman Catholics, and draws its collections from their whole membership and supports its missionaries everywhere. Not long since, 151 missionary bishops *in partibus infidelium* signed a proposition to the Vatican Council, of which they are members, in favor of this society, to which, they said, they were "nearly all, without exception of nation or person, indebted for the food and clothing which the Apostle St. Paul declared should content those that preach the Gospel."

This society has been in existence nearly 50 years; and but *five* times, including last year, has it failed to report an increase of contributions. The receipts last year were $1,043,418 (counting 5 francs to a dollar), being $11,015 less than in 1868. Of this sum France contributes more than half, $735,219; Italy, $80,135; Belgium, $61,041; Germany, $51,557; North America, $32,839; British Islands, $30,762; South America, $17,029; Netherlands, $15,881; and so on to less amounts from other countries. Of the little amount of $32,839 received from North America, $16,219 came from the British Provinces, $2,571 from New York, $943 from Cincinnati, $743 from New Orleans, and $365 from Baltimore. The contributions from this country are exceedingly small; but it is missionary ground, and, as all know, there is no want of liberality in supporting religious worship and building splendid churches. The receipts, however, from Catholic countries are discreditably small, unless it be with the exception of France. Catholic France has one-fourth larger population than Protestant Great Britain; but the comparative earnestness with which the two peoples hold to their faith may be judged from the fact that, while French Catholics contribute $735,213 for spreading their faith, the British Protestants gave last year $2,861,735, nearly 4 times as much, to support 9 foreign societies, and at least $1,000,000 more for Bible translation and distribution and for colonial work. Probably $4,000,000 were collected in Great Britain last year and expended for religious work outside of the kingdom. The State of Massachusetts gives annually 4 times as much for Protestant missions as Belgium, with 4 times the population, gives for Catholic missions. Mexico's contribution was but $430, and Brazil's but $375.

When we turn to the work done with this money, and count the missions and missionaries supported, the disparity between Protestant and Catholic missions disappears at once. Protestant societies send out families; the Catholic send single men, or communities of sisters. Their establishments are inexpensive. They live on the people. They make their missions self-supporting. Thus this single Catholic society is able to support more missioners with scanty income than all the Protestant societies of the world, which adopt, wisely, as we think, the plan of supplying their missionaries with the more expensive comforts of separate homes.

Of the different countries to which appropriations were made we notice that the region of European and Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Syria, and Arabia received $136,157. This same region received last year $233,000 (currency) from the American Board, the Methodist Missionary, and the Turkish Missions-Aid Society. India and Burmah received $108,928, while British and American Christians expended last year at least 13 times that sum in those countries. The region of China, Tonquin, Annam, Cambodia, and Japan are a prominent field of Catholic missions; and here they expended $234,431, which is not much less than was spent by Protestant societies. In the United States were expended $97,865, of which $45,000 was spent in the South. Truly, we may believe that, unless their zeal greatly exceeds their contributions, the efforts put forth by the Romanists to proselyte the Southern negroes have been greatly exaggerated. The expenses for publication were 4 per cent. of the receipts, and the expenses of management ¾ of 1 per cent. The officers live in convents, and have no salary.

The report from which we have drawn these facts is a merely financial one, and gives no summaries of converts or schools. They count very numerous converts in China and Tonquin, but marked success nowhere else. The national movements in heathen countries are more toward Protestantism than Romanism. The age of Catholic colonization has passed; and Protestant colonies and missions are rapidly supplanting paganism in Southern and Western Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. The Pacific Islands are rapidly becoming Protestant. Hardly one is Catholic. Madagascar is rapidly following their example

Our Young Folks.

THE THREE FAIRIES.

THREE Fairies launched on an azure Sea
Their graceful barks of Chalcedony.
The first of agate, wherein a Sprite,
With an eye of thought and arm of might,
Turned toward the Earth, with a brave, clear song:

"To me shall the hearts
Of men belong.
For conrage in war,
For art in peace,
For charity's smile,
For truth's increase,
I trust my bark
And my life to thee;
Oh! bear me and speed me,
Wide, wide Sea."

The second, Carnelian, which a Fay
Skillfully guided the same blue way,
Chiming in cadences syren sweet:

"My silken sails
To the breezes fleet
I give with thoughts
Full of woman's woe,
The endless toil
Man can never know.
Hush, love's songs
That will daily send
A winning chord
Jarring hearts to blend,
And stories bring,
With soul pictures rare,
To yearning hearts
When oppressed by care.
Be swift, clear winds,
And be gentle Sea,
For truth's dear sake
I have trusted thee."

The third bark sped far beyond the two,
As its keen prow cut the sea of blue,
And a fair child, like a morning blaze
Of gold, in a bark of Chrysoprase,
Turned laughing eyes on the Sprites behind
And cried: "For *me*
Is the rising wind.
I do your work
Ere my day is done,
For children's hearts
Are tones which grow
Into future speech.
I do *your* work
When I do my own.
Stay, Sprites, I go
O'er the Sea alone."

A. W. A.

MAY, 1870.

A NEW PLAY.

BY GRANDMA GAGE.

Good morning, my dear little boys and girls. It is a long, long time since you and I have had a story-telling, isn't it? Have you missed Grandma? I hope so. I have missed you—your merry blue eyes and brown eyes and black eyes; missed you every day, and wished, oh! how I have wished, that I could get well enough to call you all around me and tell you stories once more.

I have had so many to tell, and now do not know which one to give you first.

Oh, yes; I do. I will tell you about the new play that is to come off here in Vineland, New Jersey, next week. A great theatrical performance we are going to have, and there will be a thousand actors. A thousand? Yes, ten thousand. Bless me, a hundred thousand; and I shouldn't wonder one bit if some of you were to speak your pieces and act your parts with all the rest.

First, the playground will comprise a thousand broad acres. The platform covered with a carpet of brown ground, flecked all over with green strawberry leaves in rows and bunches, with the red, ripe berries peeping out. At the back and sides and front of this great platform are orchards of pears, apples, and peaches, and vineyards of grapes, and beautiful gardens blooming with flowers.

The scenery is grand, and so natural that you can see the very robins watching in the cherry trees, and now and then hopping among the vines and picking the sweetest berries they can find to carry off to their nests. And then isn't there a jolly time of it among the little yellow throats?

There are orioles, too, trill-a-la-ing among the dandelion tops by the roadside; and humming-birds getting their dewy dinner from the bells of the honeysuckle; and in a newly-plowed field in the distance the crows are serenading the farmer:

"Caw, caw, caw,
Give us a chance the corn to draw,
And we'll have it all up by morning."

The quails are singing

"Bob White,
All right,"

sitting on the posts; for there are few fences in Vineland. If we could look under the bushes and tall grasses, we should find their cunning little nests, close to the warm earth, and filled with white eggs.

This drama will be played every day, "Sundays excepted," for the next five or six weeks. The first scene will open with little boys and girls running here and there, knocking at the doors of houses, asking:

"Want to buy any strawberries to-day?"

"No," says Mrs. Prudence; "they're too green."

"No, ma'am; they are all dead ripe. We picked them ourselves."

Perhaps that will persuade Mrs. Prudence, and she will take a few: and off little Gray jacket will run, wonderfully pleased with his quarter of a dollar.

Scene 2d. Engine whistles down brakes, and the long train of cars rushes up to the platform. Out pours a stream of girls and boys, until the platform is crowded. Little hats and little sun-bonnets—black, white, blue, and brown; neat little chaps and untidy little chaps; chaps that are neither one nor the other, but look as if they don't care a Vineland gravel stone whether it rains or shines. It takes all sorts to make this a good play.

Little girls that hardly dare to look up; larger ones, with bold eyes and loud talk; bright, modest ones, that act prettily. Every one has a little basket or pail, with dinner in it. Very quickly they are gathered in groups, and follow some king or queen away; and the swarm that was whirling and buzzing a minute ago is all gone.

Down goes the curtain, and the orchestra of the orchards gives us rare music:

Some have gone East, some have gone West,
Every group as it liked the best;
Not a moment for talk or rest
For the little strawberry army.

Robin Redbreast sings cheerily,
The martins are piping merrily,
The baltimore orioles on the tree,
Welcome the strawberry army.

Now the curtain rises for the third scene. The groups are scattered over all the wide platform. Girls and boys of all ages, and even old men and women, are seen here, busy as bees, stooping among the vines, picking with busy fingers the ripe, red berries, dropping them carefully into little boxes and baskets that hold just one quart. For each quart each busy right hand will get two cents.

They are all chatting across the rows, telling their stories and making their plans—the little ones as importantly as the older folks.

"Mother didn't want me to come," says Willie. "She said I wouldn't pick a quart before I'd be tired, and want to get my pie and cake out of my dinner-pail."

"You'll not, will you?" answers golden-haired Susy.

"No, sir-ee. I mean to pick fifty quarts, and carry her home a dollar. You'll see."

"So you will, I do believe; and won't she be glad?"

"I'll bet ye. Ah! aren't they thick on that row where Ned is. I wish we hadn't come to this place," and Willie stopped to look back.

"Why, I think they're as thick here. See, my box is brimful. Why, Willie, yours is not half full yet!"

"Well, that's not my fault. I always get the very worst place in everything. I just hate that old acre-owner for putting me here."

"There, Willie, don't!" says Susie. "Just pick away as fast as you can. Ned has emptied his box. He'll beat, if we talk so much."

"I don't care if he has emptied it ten times. He's mean and a cheat. I know he is."

"Oh, Willie!" says Susie, and her bright face is clouded. And now she has another basketful.

Willie has not earned two cents, and Susie has earned four. Poor Willie! What do you think is the matter, little friends?

Albert is near Jenny, over by the pear-trees.

"Is that your tenth box, Jenny?"

"No; only my ninth. Have you got ten?"

"Yes, twelve. Aren't they nice ones?"

"What are you going to do with your money?"

"Get me some new books. I wanted a new reader and arithmetic last quarter, and mamma said she could not get them for me. After that, if I make enough, I'm going to get mamma a new dress."

"What a pity your papa died," said Jenny, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Yes; but I mean to take care of mamma when I am a man."

"So I would, if I were you."

"I like you, Jenny. There's not another girl in this patch that's half as nice as you. Nobody will see me behind these trees; mayn't I kiss you? And then I can pick faster."

"If it will help you pick. I want you you to make ever so much money," answers unselfish little Jenny; and she gets the kiss, and her cheeks are red as Mrs. Robin's breast. And there she is—saucy Mrs. Robin—with her five little ones, looking down at the good little children from her nest in the pear-tree. Albert will earn his dollar, and Jenny ninety cents, to carry home with them.

The curtain drops; and when it rises it is noon. Great crates of strawberries are seen. Here and there, in the shade, the pickers are seen eating their lunch. Tired ones are lying down, and want to sleep. Strong ones are gay as ever. Boastful ones are telling how much they have done and what they are going to do. Modest ones are quietly listening and resolving. Happy-hearted ones are singing a Sunday-school hymn in concert. Mischievous ones are playing tricks on the demure. The orchestra of the trees are taking their rest, also; eyeing the bread-crumbs and bits of pie-crust and sweet cake that are thrown around, thinking of a splendid feast by and by.

Happy birds, and happy children!

Again the gatherers are on their feet. The sun rides high. They begin to weary. The berries grow scarce. Soon their work will be ended. Horses and wagons vary the scene. Crates are collected, and the road is lined with brisk teams racing to the railway station. The whistle for the northern train sounds over the fields. Hurry feet and hands! Put the crates on the forward cars; and away go twenty thousand quarts of delicious fruit to the cities and towns and villages of the North, Northwest, and Northeast, where the sun does not shine so warmly in May days to kiss the roses and strawberries into bloom and fruit.

Did I not tell you there would be a hundred thousand actors in this great play? Who knows but those very scarlet tips you had for dinner were picked by Susie's busy fingers or Willie's loitering ones! It may be you are gulping down this very minute the box that Albert sweetened with Jenny's kiss.

If there is a sour one, be sure some selfish thought or naughty jealousy dropped upon it. If a black or gnarled one, some wicked Bill Sikes or Tom Turner hit it with a bad word or a lie.

Now it is almost night. The bird-songs are about ended. Only the cat-bird and robin have concluded to give a benefit to the weary little heads and hearts that are being carried by weary little feet toward the station; thinking, thinking, thinking, as they go, of mother and father, and little brothers and sisters, and home and supper. Thinking all sorts of thoughts. What would you think in their places? If you can tell, then you know what they are thinking. They are all gone.

"Night hanes her sable curtain up,
And ope'th with a star."

The strawberry vines are whispering to each other.

"How those children trampled on my toes and twisted my arms and legs!"

"Oh! well, we must expect that, and not get discouraged or out of patience. We had a great deal done for us, you know; and if we do our duty we will be all right again."

"That's true, and we must do our very prettiest to hang ourselves in scarlet by to-morrow morning for them."

"I shall have five of my treasures ready."

"And I six. Well, good-night, neighbor Berry; we must not spend our time talking."

"I've one word more. Let us put all our fruit in plain sight, and make it just as pleasant as we can for the poor little bent backs; and maybe they will be gentler with us."

"Dear me, what would the world do if it were not for us?"

"Sure enough. It ought to be very thankful. We will try to be patient while our hard task of pleasing it lasts. Only three or four weeks, you know; then we will take care of our pretty little runners, and rest till spring comes again. Good night, Mrs. De Gand."

"Good night, Mrs. Wilson's Albany. We will be up early in the morning."

After the strawberries are through with their great drama, the raspberries will have their long run; and the blackberries will follow; and the peaches come puffing on to the platform with their round, rosy cheeks. The pears will play their part; while the grapes grow purple, and swell out, and put on airs, as if nothing in the world were half so fine; and so the great Vineland theater will be kept open until the November winds blow cold and drear and the pretty scenery is all faded out.

The birds will fly South, and the sweet flowers fail; and the little children will rest from their labors in the field, and go to school, and study the new books they have bought with money earned at the great berry benefit.

My dear little pets in cities, do you ever think, while eating the nice things that are bought in the markets, how much hard work the little ones in the country do for you?

The Sunday School.

THE Illinois State Sunday School Convention at Quincy was, as usual, the greatest of all the annual religious gatherings, if we except some of the monster camp-meetings. About three thousand delegates were present from places outside of the city in which it met, and the usual five thousand crowded about the closing meeting. Philip G. Gillett, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, one of the best presiding officers in the nation, sat in the chair. There was no "cut-and-dried" plan; but the great mass convention moved on in its usual irresistible style. In this convention all conventionality is abolished, and everything is pressed to the most practical issue. An organization extending to every county, and in some cases to almost every township, stands ready to catch almost every drop of the enthusiasm generated by the state convention, and use it in pushing forward their work. The state convention employs no paid agencies, though some of the more destitute county conventions employ missionaries. A half-dozen laymen have been chiefly instrumental in bringing the convention to its present stage of success. One secret of their success is that they do not consider every prominent clergyman qualified to make a Sunday school speech. Moody, Reynolds, Alex. Tyng, Post, Jacobs, Gillett, and the rest of the active laymen were present. One curious fact is that all the men on important committees are young. A strong effort was made by ambitious young men to break the executive committee, who have been in office a long time. But when Illinois changes that committee she will have to search diligently to find another such an one.

....There is one great danger of the present discussion of the Bible question. We are afraid that the tendency will be to trust too much to common school education. The providence of God has so arranged it that in this country we cannot depend on anything else than the Sunday school. And when we come to rely on the perfunctory reading of the Bible in the school for religious instruction we make a great practical mistake. "An English lad," says Spurgeon, "can carry away in a hollow tooth all the religion he gets in a charity school." He surely can get more in an English charity school than in our public schools. How much, practically, is the influence of Bible reading in schools? Sunday school people! we cannot shirk the responsibility. The school cannot afford any adequate religious instruction. The pulpit does not. The family, in most cases, does not. There is nothing else for it but to take what God has put upon us. The religious training of these millions is upon us. We Sunday school people must shoulder it. Let no temporary controversy divert us from it. We must reach them. We must make our schools a hundred times more efficient than they have ever been, before we can accomplish the work as we ought to do it. The "application" to this fact is: 1. We must get the children. 2. We must teach them efficiently.

....Very delightful did one of the speakers at a Staten Island Sunday school meeting find the trip to be. Sailing in the evening sunshine across the harbor to the Vanderbilt landing; steaming on the short railroad that traverses the island, past New Dorp and other stations, till we reached Tottenville; watching the lazy sloops at anchor between the island and the mainland; looking off at Perth Amboy and the Jersey coast—all this was pleasant relief from the din and heat of the city. And then to see such a bi-monthly meeting of Sunday school teachers—special trains run and a large church packed full of people—surely this was worth coming to see. For once in two months the Staten Islanders hold a grand Sunday school meeting, never allowing their enthusiasm to flag. Nineteen school- bring in their reports; the singing is done by the children; two addresses are delivered; and, when all is over, the people disperse to their homes to meet again and scatters its crowds along the line. Such is a Sunday school meeting on Staten Island, very worthy of imitation.

....No more pic-nics is the feeling with which a leading mission school superintendent has returned from his annual excursion. He told us in conversation that he believed the arguments in their favor to be so weak as not to be worthy of consideration; and that, at least in a mission school, the tendency to such amusements as are corrrupting is almost irresistible. Certainly, if "Copenhagen" and other rude, kissing, lust-exciting plays cannot be dispensed with by the young men and young women, then we should dispense with the pic-nic. We have seen Sunday school pic-nics at which old and young engaged alike in this rude and, to put it mildly, indelicate boisterous play. Sometimes a rout is ten times worse than a fireman's ball, and will put more evil in a young man's veins than a year's instruction in Sunday school can get out. If Sunday school pic-nics are to be the foes of maidenly delicacy and manly self-respect, let us have none of them.

....A subscriber asks why we do not continue the notes of the Sunday-school lesson. Because we are more than ever convinced that that is the proper work of the monthly magazines, which make a specialty of it. The present rage of the weekly papers for lesson notes is, we think, destined to abate. Lessons should be bound up in magazines, where they can be properly treated and illustrated. We think that the weekly Sunday school papers have mistaken their vocation in this regard, and have sometimes spoiled themselves for newspapers.

....For the benefit of our readers who are Sunday school people, we call attention again to the very pleasant and complete reading-rooms of the New York Sunday School Union, at No. 15 Bible House. Every man has his call; and it seems to be the call of J. Finley Smith, Esq., to make this the most complete room of the kind in the world.

Pebbles.

REV. AZEL BACKUS, D.D., was a graduate of Yale, and became President of Hamilton College. It was in the good old days when they had prayers and recitation before breakfast, so that early rising was in order. The chapel-bell was moderate in size and feeble in utterance, and it became a standing excuse for "sleeping over": "I didn't hear the bell." At last, one morning, the president himself was late at morning prayers; and, as he opened the Bible to commence the service, he delighted the boys by indorsing their own old threadbare excuse: "The fact is, young gentlemen, that I didn't hear the bell. And no wonder; for it scarcely makes more noise than would the shaking of a fur cap, with a sheep's tail for a clapper!"

....Mr. Bell, a dissenting minister in Glasgow, was dining on an occasion with a parsimonious brother in Hamilton. When the toddy-bowl was produced, though capacious enough, only a small quantity was compounded—the bowl being about half full. The host launched out on the extravagant style in which books were got up—with such braid margins. "Weel," replies Mr. Bell, "I am perfectly of your opinion in that respect; for I neither like to see braid margins about typhos nor the insides o' toddy-bowls."

....At one of the stations on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, recently, an intrus inquirer came up to the door of the baggage-car, and said: "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggageman rolled out a keg of whisky. "Anything more?" asked the wet grocer. "Yes," said the baggageman; "there's a gravestone that goes with that liquor." The countenance of the wet grocer assumed a wrathy appearance, and the car-door was shut with a slam.

....The late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let us hope she'll begin with the nose."

...."One morning," says Judge Daly, "I was coming in court a little late, when I heard one man standing at a little distance say to another (he may have been a witness, anxious to get away; or a juror, zealously desirous to get to work; or, perhaps, a client, weary of the law's delay; but, whatever else he was, he was certaily an Irishman): "*Och, sure, there comes his Honor at last! Be jabers, Judge De-lay, yer rightly named!*"

....A clergyman was called upon to respond to this wicked toast at the dinner of the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company: "The City of Providence—'To put pany: "The City of Providence—'To put them in Providence and keep their powder dry' was the wise maxim of our fathers. Experience has taught us that we can safely put our trust in the City of Providence, without any preparation or protection whatever."

....Lawyers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the trap I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house in a state of intoxication."

....A young lawyer at Eatontown, New Jersey, in the midst of a brilliant outburst of eloquence, was interrupted by a shrill voice, which yelled, "Stop! you lie. Stop! you lie." Young Legality smoothed his ruffled feathers when the sheriff announced that it was only a parrot in a neighboring house.

....Tally one for Jim Fisk. McFarland applied to him for a railroad pass. Jim told him they were not issuing free passes to assassins that day; but whenever he got control of a road making through connections for hell, McFarland should go through on the lightning express, free.

....A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr. ——, your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer; "as it is here that I make my bread."

....One of the banners carried in the procession of the rejoicing colored men in Charleston, S. C., bore the inscription, addressed to the Democrats: "We have played together, you say; but were we ever whipped together?"

....At a public sale of books in London, Drew's "Essay on Soule" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell."

....An Indianapolis man, missing a quantity of his corned beef, found his neighbor's watch at the bottom of one of the barrels. He revenged himself by putting it up at raffle in aid of a church to which the robber belonged.

....In the classic town of Waterville, on a garden-fence facing the street, is posted the following "notice": "Pleas dont hich no Hosses Hear for it is sode."

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, June 23d, 1870.

THE RELIGION OF CHARLES DICKENS.

In all the multitudinous allusions to the death of Charles Dickens, we recall only one, from any quarter, that has struck us as truly Pecksniffian; and that is the inquiry, "Was he a Christian?"

And who started it? As the story goes, it was first raised at a prayer-meeting in Plymouth Church. Perhaps it was. As that meeting is conspicuously known to be free to all questioners, it is not surprising that either this or any other question should there be propounded. Indeed, there will probably be some pious fool to raise the same question over the minister himself, when Mr. Beecher dies.

The inquiry appeared to us, as it appeared to ten thousand other persons, to be the offspring of a self-complacent religious bigotry which wants to test every man's conduct of life, quality of character, and hope of immortality by its own self-prescribed and all-sufficient infallibility.

What did these questioners mean by asking, "Was Charles Dickens a Christian?" Did they refer to the manner of his life, or only to the orthodoxy of his creed? They meant substantially this: "What were his religious views? Of what church was he a member? Which of the various theologies did he rely on as the basis of his soul's salvation? What was his notion of the Trinity? Did he accept or reject the doctrine of the Atonement?" This is what the questioners meant by their question.

Now we protest against the too prevalent and altogether sanctimonious custom of approaching a dead man's bier and, before he is buried, holding over him a coroner's inquest of doctrinal theology, with a view to settle, by an examination of his supposed intellectual beliefs, the solemn proposition whether his soul has probably gone to Heaven or Hell. To all such morbid anatomy of spiritual dissection, comes the rebuke of the Apostle who said, "Who art thou that judgest another? To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

Let it not be supposed that we regard with lightness the question whether any man lives a Christian life, or dies a Christian death. The most momentous duty devolving upon every human being who comes into the world, and who knows he must go out of it, is the development of a Christian character—a thing which he equally needs for both worlds. But what we insist upon is, that this character, not being built upon a creed, is not to be tested by a creed. An orthodox creed does not make a Christian character, nor does the absence of such a creed imply the absence of such a character. The attempt to determine at a man's death whether or not he lived a Christian life, by making an inquiry into his formulas of church belief, is wholly at variance with the teachings of that Gospel which declares, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Judging with this judgment, who among the literary men of the present generation has done more good to the world than the kind, generous, and loving soul of whom the Plymouth prayer-meeting raised its mawkish question?

Having for many years enjoyed the ministry both of Charles Dickens and of Henry Ward Beecher, we give it as our opinion that the preaching of the one has always been as Christian as that of the other. Furthermore, from what we know of the personal characters of these great and good men, we believe that the title of Christian belongs equally to both as much as singly to either. Nevertheless, in giving this opinion, we ought to add that, painfully conscious of possessing too small a share of the Christian religion in our own heart, we dare not undertake to measure the amount of it possessed by other and better men.

A GENTLE REBUKE.

In referring to the Rev. Dr. Noah H. Schenck, rector of St. Ann's, of Brooklyn, the New York *Mail* calls him a thorough Low Churchman, with the exception that he is not in sympathy with those who wish to change the ritual. Its general sketch of the man is a fair portrait. But perhaps the best definition of Dr. Schenck's theological status is given in his own words.

"If you are preparing," he says, "for the grandest and most responsible office permitted our manhood, and would be ambassadors from Creator to creature, let me beg you with eminent emphasis to shun, as you would shun the shade of the upas, the poisoned teaching of the Neo-Anglican school, whose first great light was Arnold of Rugby and whose leading spirit was the gifted Robertson. Such men as Maurice, and Alford, and Stanley, and Kingsley, and Jowett, and Temple, and others, who are identified with the Negative Theology, are busy, with pen and tongue, propagating theories as opposed to what we are wont to accept as truth, as far as logical results are concerned, as was the philosophy of Hume opposed to the accepted principles of Christianity. And yet the thought-force of Maurice; the learning of Alford; and the glittering rhetoric of Stanley; and the syllogistic mind of Temple; and the calm, classical atmosphere of Arnold; and the poetic imagination of Kingsley; and the strong, cogent, over-mastering sympathies of Robertson's nature, as well as the elegant culture of his genius—all have a fascination for the student, against which he must arm himself, if needs be, in the martyr's mail."

With all the respect which we entertain for Dr. Schenck, we cannot help saying that the above quotation is more striking for its magniloquence than for its magnanimity. To say that such men as Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the Rev. F. W. Robertson, are to be shunned as one would "shun the shade of the upas" is what Carlyle would call "cant"; and he would be right. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Robertson (both of whom now rest in hallowed graves) were during their lives among the eminent and exemplary Christians of their day. They ought no more to have been "shunned" than Dr. Schenck ought to be shunned. Moreover, such men as Maurice, and Alford, and Stanley, and Kingsley, and Jowett are moral teachers whose names are dear to the Christian world—thinkers who have contributed to the best thought of their day and generation—writers who, in respect to Christian scholarship and eloquence, are not merely the peers but the superiors of Dr. Schenck. We do not see how our Brooklyn neighbor could have brought himself to speak of these great and good men so disparagingly. Does he wish to forfeit his claim to the championship of the Low Church party of the Episcopal Church? He will certainly do so by a few more such speeches as we have quoted. He ought to unwrite his unhandsome words. We believe he will inevitably drift away from them in due time.

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO WRITE.

NOTHING is oftener asked. Nothing is seldomer taken. We are astonished at our own simplicity as we write the above heading. Perhaps we are moved by a despairing consciousness of the near dog-days, and a vivid realization of the increased misery of reading illegible, purposeless, useless, endless manuscripts, when the mercury stands in the nineties. Perhaps it is a still more despairing consciousness, and a still more vivid realization, which have been steadily deepening and growing within us for months—the consciousness that everybody writes, and the realization that almost nobody has anything to say or knows how to say it. Thinking of this, we are more and more tempted to sum up our advice in the too-often-quoted words of *Punch's* celebrated advice to those about to marry; but, knowing that it would be of no more use in this case than in that, we meekly supplement our "Don't."

Firstly. (And who would suppose that these could be necessary entreaties?) Don't write on both sides of the paper. Don't write with pale ink. Don't write in so small a hand that it is a strain on eyesight to read it. Don't leave out the commas, and substitute dashes for semi-colons.

So much for externals.

Secondly. Don't write, for mere sake of writing, for sake of money, or for sake of —heaven save the mark—fame, on subjects of which you know nothing, on subjects of which everybody knows all there is to be known, or on subjects of which what is to be known is of no earthly use or consequence.

And now, having (ah! if we could but hope it!) frightened away all except the writer who has something to say on a subject of interest, not already exhausted, and with which he is passably familiar, we warm to the friendly office of advice which is not negative, and cannot be construed into ill-natured impatience. Oh, you, who really have a thing to say, whoever or how far you be, we welcome you! You can't know how glad we are of you. We are always longing, hoping, praying for you. But now, this thing which you have to say—do be just to it and to yourself. Do take time to say it in the best way; to say it so that people will listen, will comprehend, will believe. Without taking time and much time, thought and much thought, you cannot compass these ends. No more pernicious delusion ever set out on a journey in the world than the common notion that it is a sign of genius to work with great rapidity, that the truly gifted writer can "write as fast as he would speak," and, so writing, do his best work. The best work never was and never will be done in this way. Given an idea, there must be a certain set of words which will better than any other set of words carry that idea. Not the smallest particle can be added to or taken from this set of words without impairing it as a vehicle for that idea. Given this certain set of words, which will best hold and carry the idea, there must be one arrangement of them which is better than any and all others. In this, also, no smallest particle can be moved without loss of either clearness or beauty in the sentence. Who will dare to say that by any other process than the most careful painstaking, helped and enriched by all possible culture, this one best possible set of words, this one best possible arrangement of them, shall be attained? Does anybody believe that Lowell's or Hawthorne's sentences are accidentally or even easily the felicities we find them? or that the clumsy, wordy, obscure, pointless sentences of other men who shall be nameless (and always will be!) are the best those men could have written if they had been patient or conscientious workers? A sentence as a sentence is a thing belonging to the realm of art, as much as a cathedral or a statue. Inspiration goes before, no doubt; but inspiration which will not toil in strictest bonds of law is not true, and will come to failure. The true artist is never in haste; cannot be hurried. His first sketch, his embryonic thought, is probably a thing of an instant; a thing born outside of himself, borne to him, taking possession of him by a process for which inspiration—that much-abused word—is our only name. But if, in his use and development of this, he do not work slowly, reverently, cautiously, bringing it to its highest beauty, compelling it to its highest use, he is unworthy of it and of himself; and certain punishment awaits him in the gradual loss and deterioration of his impulse and conception. How often has this been seen in every art? What so dangerous as to trust the early promise of painter, sculptor, poet? Whoever has seen the collections of drawings of the old masters cannot have failed to be impressed with the slow growth of their great works, the almost endless dwelling on some one small detail—a foot, or a hand, or a face—fashioning and refashioning it, but never once losing sight of the original leading idea. We have a photograph of one of these original drawings by Da Vinci. It is a sheet full of drawings of a single violet; no two are precisely alike, all are so nearly alike that it is plainly a design for some special purpose. Doubtless that violet is hidden in some corner of one of his great pictures. What a lesson in this. But we have been carried away from our original purpose, which was simply to give a few plain words of plain advice.

We had intended nothing more than to make a short, forcible plea for the two things which seem to us the two essentials of good writing—clearness and conciseness; two things which are so inalienably connected with each other that it is hard to say which should come first on the list of requisites for good style—which is cause, and which is effect. Clearness, conciseness, grace—but the greatest of these three is conciseness. On three sides of the temple we would write, "Be concise"; on the fourth we would write, "Be not too concise," for sometimes there comes lack of grace by reason of too curt wording. This is the substance of the advice we had intended to give to those about to write. But we have been in danger of violating our own first precept. The truth is, our sense of the exquisite and illimitable power of words, our reverence for that greatest of arts which builds them into immortal structures, are so great that it is not easy for us to speak quietly and briefly on this theme. It is impossible to "magnify the office" of the writer. It is as impossible to say how great it might be as it is to describe with fitting scorn the base uses and abuses into which base men let it down. The orator speaks to his thousands; the writer to his millions. The wind bears away the breath of him who speaks, and it is no more:—even the next day it passes into record, under careless hands, that he has said a thing of which he never even so much as dreamed; but the sentence of the skillful and wise writer stands immortal, in subtile and almost unexplainable defiance of all laws of loss and decay. Committed to frailest of substances, which a baby's hand can tear, a drop of water blot and destroy, it will still perpetuate and repeat and preserve itself, and glide serenely on through century after century, coming at last (who can doubt it?) to its own full estate in eternity, among other things which had souls. Does anybody believe that there will be a time in which the words of Homer, of Plato, of Epictetus shall not be known? A time on which Shakespeare and Emerson shall set no mark?

It was our good fortune once to read a private letter sent by Thomas Wentworth Higginson to a young writer who had asked his advice. We looked eagerly to find out so much as might be communicable of the secrets which enter into the composition of Col. Higginson's rare sentences—sentences which are at once as clear and as exquisitely shaped as Nature's crystals; and, like those crystals, are, by reason of their very transparency and perfectness of shape, carelessly accepted as beautiful, without full recognition of the subtile harmony of the law underlying their growth. We remember thinking that the young man to whom the letter was written would "go away sorrowful," like the young man in the New Testament, not because he had, but because he would despair of having "so great possessions." "Earnestness"; "common-sense"; "mathematics, for accuracy"; "physical health and out-door life, for freshness"; "physical science, for range of vocabulary, as Coleridge went to Davy's Chemical Lectures for a new stock of metaphors"; "democratic affinities and associations, to get that directness and pungency one finds among uneducated men"; "cultivated associations, to keep one from slang"; "a good memory"; "constant habit of translation"; "an immensity of patience, to follow one's own standard, and not grow acrid or censorious"—these are some of the ingredients which we remember in that marvelous summing up of the things necessary to make a man a good writer. And, at the end, we recollect, came "all the rest of life," and a paragraph nearly to this effect: "Really, all I know is, that all I have done and thought for forty-three years has gone toward making me no worse a writer than I am now; and it still costs as much work as ever on every paragraph. But it is work that I should like to do in Heaven."

If we need pardon for this use of a letter written in greatest haste, and never meant for any other eye than that of the earnest and aspiring boy to whom it was sent, we can only say that we have always felt that it was a letter which ought to be in the hands of every young writer, and that we are not in the least sorry for having printed all we can remember of it.

THE COTTON MATHER HOAX.

SOMEBODY has been at the pains to concoct a hoaxing letter, purporting to have been written by the famous Cotton Mather, addressed to "ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginson," giving an account of a plan to capture William Penn and a company of more than a hundred Quakers, and sell them as slaves to Barbadoes. It is dated "September ye 15th, 1683," and endorsed "ye scheme to bagge Penne." This precious document has been going the rounds of the Pennsylvania and Western papers; and we are assured has made a very general and painful impression upon many excellent members of the Society of Friends, creating as hostile feelings toward New England and her works as is compatible with their tranquil habits of mind. We have seen a letter from a Republican of Pennsylvania declaring that its effect would be felt in politics, even at the next election! And it has been used by the enemies of New England very extensively to excite or aggravate prejudices against her. Even *The World*, of this city —which, whatever may be thought of its morality, is certainly not devoid of intelligence—made it the text of a commentary on "the claims of Massachusetts to be free from all contamination of slavery and the slave-trade. "There is in it," *The World* goes on, "a mixture of piety and pelf, the glory of the Lord and rum and sugar, which is eminently characteristic of the golden age of Boston!" It is impossible to believe that the clever and scholarly men who predominate over *The World* should not have seen at the first glance the true character of this clumsy forgery. They can only save their character for intelligence at the expense of their character for honesty.

This ridiculous forgery first saw the light in the Easton (Pa.) *Argus*, whose thousand eyes must have winked very hard when it accepted it. Easton, if we mistake not, is the seat of Lafayette College, a Presbyterian institution, boasting of some professors of eminence. We trust that some of these learned men have exposed the internal evidence which the letter contains of its fraudulent origin, though their strictures have not met our eyes. It seems, according to the story of the *Argus*, that "Mr. Judkins, the librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in overhauling a chest of old papers deposited by the late Robert Greenleaf, of Malden," discovered this precious letter. It unluckily happens that no "Mr. Judkins" is librarian or member of the Historical Society, and no such person as "the late Robert Greenleaf" was ever heard of in Malden. As the letter is not long, and as it may amuse such of our readers as have not seen it, we will give it the further benefit of our circulation:

"There bee now at sea a shippe (for our friend Mr. Esaias Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it wolde sail some time in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greenaway, master, which hath aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers with W. Penne their cheefe champe at ye hedde of them. Ye General Court has accordinggely given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig 'Garland' that hee make a mid Walcome slyde as near ye coast of Codde as may be, and make captive ye said Penne and his wycquitte people, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countrie with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoyle may be made by selling ye whole lotte to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch goode price in rumme and sugar, and shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great gayne for His ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful, and I will set downe the newes he brings when his shippe comes back.

"Yours in ye bowells of Christ,
"COTTON MATHER."

That many of the excellent Quakers should be deceived by this impudent fabrication is not surprising, as not many of them probably are experts in the usages and orthography of the English tongue of two centuries ago; but the Easton professors, and even the Easton editor, should have known enough of both to detect the forgery. The one word "*Scampe*" is enough of itself to prove the letter an invention of to-day. The word is a modern vulgarism, and was not known for a century after Cotton Mather's death. The spelling is preposterously unlike the spelling of two hundred years ago. William Penn's name was often—commonly, indeed—spelt "*Pen*"; but we doubt whether it can be found anywhere "*Penne*," as in the letter. The pretended indorsement—"ye scheme to bagge Penne"—contradicts its authenticity. The word "scheme" was not used in the 17th century in the sense of a plan or proposition, as now; but only astronomically, or rather astrologically, as denoting the position of the stars at a certain time. And the slang metaphor, "to bag" a person or thing, taken from shooting game, is of very recent date. The verb was used sometimes literally, as "to bag hops"; but never metaphorically and ludicrously, as is done now. We might multiply examples of internal evidences of the forgery; but these are enough. Then Cotton Mather, in September, 1683, was a lad of nineteen, studying for the ministry, and not likely to have a mercantile correspondent in London. Moreover, the General Court of Massachusetts had no public vessel to send on such an errand. And, if it had, and Martin Malachi Huxett had obeyed its instructions, it could not have saved him from being carried to London and hanged at the yard-arm for piracy.

It is quite likely that the author of this hoax has been surprised at its success and the use made of it. It is possible that he had no malicious intent in what he did. But, as it has actually had a mischievous effect, and been used as a means of embittering one portion of the country against another, and of disturbing the equanimity of a most worthy and valuable class of citizens, we hold that he should honestly acknowledge the hoax, with such excuse or palliation as he can allege. If he be slow to come forward, the Easton *Argus* should give up his name, to clear its own skirts of a voluntary complicity in the cheat. And, certainly, every newspaper that has given circulation to the calumny should tell its readers of the contradiction. For, according to Sir Peter Teazle's sound Law Merchant, every indorser of a slander is as responsible for it as the drawer himself.

IOWA SHAMING VERMONT.

IT has been a frequently-expressed conviction of ours that Iowa would be the first, or one of the first, of the states to adopt Woman's Suffrage. We still have no reason to change this opinion. The intelligence and morality of her people—two qualities which impress themselves on the notice of travelers who have had opportunities of extensive journeyings in other states—would render such a prognostication highly probable, even in the absence of objective facts to authenticate and illustrate it. But such facts are multiplying every day. We lately noticed the liberality of the Iowa courts in admitting women to the bar. Afterward, we had the satisfaction of chronicling the appointment of a lady to a professorship in one of her colleges. Not long since we reported the favorable action of the Iowa legislature, by which an amendment to the state constitution, extending suffrage to women, is to be submitted to a popular vote. We have now the pleasure to note the formation of a state association for woman's enfranchisement, with a constitution modeled after that of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society.

The convention at which this state organization was formed was held last week at Mount Pleasant—a town as pleasant as its name, and widely famous for its churches, its institutions of learning, and its enterprising local newspaper, of which Mr. Frank Hatton is editor. The presiding officer of the convention was Mrs. Belle Mansfield—a young lawyer of solid intellectual ability and sterling moral worth. The president of the society was the Hon. Henry O'Connor, the attorney-general of the state—just the man whom we expected to hear of as elevated to this chief dignity of his romantic and heroic career. Among the vice-presidents we are happy to recognize Joseph A. Dugdale, from a radical Quaker, Eaton West, known by the familiar cognomen of "Uncle Joseph." The executive committee includes the names of Mrs. Prof. Darwin and the Hon. Charles W. Beardsley, editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and who also (let us add) is a too infrequent contributor to THE INDEPENDENT.

Among the guests whom the Iowa people called "strangers from abroad," but whom we in the East are better acquainted with, were Mrs. Tracy Cutler, of Ohio, and Mr. Edwin A. Studwell, publisher of *The Revolution*.

We are glad to see, from the reports, how cordially Col. George B. Corkhill, one of the rising lawyers in the state, committed himself to the new movement.

The organ—or, rather, the representative journal—of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society was generously commended by the convention to its constituency in the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this convention heartily indorse the steps taken by Mrs. Prof. Darwin, as the general agent of *The Revolution* in this state; and trust she will be as fortunate in other localities in finding earnest working friends as have been secured for this city in the persons of Mrs. Belle Mansfield and Mrs. R. Anna Canby."

We trust that other Western states will follow the example of Iowa, and form state associations for the promotion of woman's suffrage. The hour is ripe. There is hardly an enemy in the field. The victory waits, like a crown, to be seized almost without a battle. The marshaling of Iowa into line, and the display of the banner of *The Revolution* at the head of the ranks, looks like an active, spirited, and conquering campaign.

The Union Woman's Suffrage Society (which was represented in the convention by Mr. Studwell, the chairman of its executive committee) hails with gladness the formation of every associate organization, and hereby sends to each new coworker, by a message, not official but cordial, through these columns, the salutations with which all the common friends of a great cause ought to cheer each other to the final triumph.

SUMNER ON POSTAL REFORM.

WE have read with much satisfaction the speech of Senator Sumner in support of his bill for one-cent postage, with abolition of the franking privilege. It is philosophical and statesmanlike, exhaustive in its argument, and most beneficent in its aim and purpose. We are not quite satisfied as to the correctness of his eulogium on the franking privilege, although it must be admitted that it has served important purposes in the past, especially in times when postage was high and newspapers were few and small. But it ought to have been abolished with respect to letters when letter postage was reduced to three cents. And as to printed matter, it should have been confined to documents published by Congress. For all other printed matters a step was taken in the wrong direction in 1863, when Congress doubled the postage on printed circulars and on transient newspapers, for no other purpose that we could ever divine but to confine the circulation of campaign documents to the franks of the Central Congressional Committee at Washington.

On the subject of letter postage, Mr. Sumner is the only one of our public men who has ever studied the subject as a lesson, so as to understand it. He alone recognizes the proper distinction between letter postage and the running of mails. The latter is a proper function of the Government, created by the Constitution of the United States, and imposing upon Congress the necessary duty of establishing mails for the purpose of reaching the whole population of the country.

Those who have advocated leaving the carriage of letters to individual enterprise have never considered this necessity of mails as essential to the carrying on of the Government as soldiers or ships are to the public defense. Having settled this responsibility where it belongs, the question of the proper rate of letter postage comes up by itself, and there is no room for the absurd idea that the letters of the people ought always to be taxed at a rate sufficient to pay all the expense of the Government in the establishment of a mail service all over the country.

Mr. Sumner is, also, the only one of our statesmen who has ever taken the trouble to study the science of cheap postage at the fountain-head, in the Parliamentary Documents and Debates of 1838-9. His quotations from these books are pertinent and valuable. He might have added to them with advantage an extract from the speech of the Duke of Wellington, which would be instructive to any member of Congress who had good sense enough to comprehend the position of such a man. He said, in substance, that he had looked into the subject and the petitions, until he was satisfied that cheap postage would be beneficial, and that there was a strong desire among the people for its adoption. Although he did not believe at all that the increased revenue calculated upon by Mr. Hill would ever be realized, and did not even expect that the post-office would support itself; yet, as the people wished it, and he believed were able and willing to pay the expense, he should vote for the bill himself, and cordially advised their lordships to do the same. This speech, hardly longer than the sketch we have given, carried the bill in the House of Lords, as it ought. We know now that the Great Duke was mistaken as to the financial calculation; for the new postage not only supported itself, but paid something handsome into the treasury the first year, and has ever since gone on increasing in profit, while the old system had not gained for twenty years. But as to the popularity of the measure, and the general benefits resulting from it, the Duke was right; and people will see hereafter that Sumner is right.

The picture given by Mr. Sumner of the absurd, costly, and perplexing diversity in our present rates of postage, both inland and foreign, is instructive. Even Mr. Sumner, in his bill, fails to realize the fullest possible benefit of absolute uniformity in postage. Let the only rate of postage known in law be one cent—say, for letters, one postage for every ounce, instead of half-ounce; and for newspapers and all printed matter, one postage for every four ounces. Let everybody pay this, and leave each House of Congress to make its own provisions for paying the postage on its documents. There is no more difficulty in providing for the expense of paper and quills and ink.

The elaborate discussions of the weight and cost of mails, the justice of the one-cent rate, and the injustice of taxing letters to pay for carrying the mails, especially when they are so heavily weighted with printed matter, that never pays expenses, we should be glad to present in full. Newspaper postage is a theme by itself, to be discussed hereafter.

We can only express our pleasure that this subject has at length found a voice in such a high quarter. Although the measure has been voted down on its first proposal, let not the senator be discouraged. The matter is now for the first time placed on the right track, and where it can reach the public mind. Let the senator persevere as long as Rowland Hill did—for three years of constant and earnest work—and before his present term of service is out he may bless his country with the boon of ONE-CENT POSTAGE.

Editorial Notes.

OUR readers know that a religious publishing society, appealing to the Christian public for charitable collections, and making money on its business, is to our mind indefensible. Ready, as we trust we are, to contribute liberally to objects of simple benevolence, or for the evangelization of the ignorant and the wicked, we do of set purpose refuse to contribute to Sunday school societies and tract societies, and all boards and committees of publication that offer to make money with one hand and give it away with the other. And, so long as we see private establishments competing successfully for the business, we prefer they should have it; and it is this lack of competition, together with its strictly limited sphere, that makes us endorse Bible Society. It is not that we have any special grudge against the Boston Tract Society that we have recorded with some satisfaction, tempered with grief at the exhibition of Christian meanness and passion which it has called forth, its approaching downfall. The bell which tolls its decease will sound a hollow warning to kindred societies in New York and Philadelphia. The *Congregationalist* and the *Traveller*, of Boston, do not like it that we have announced that Dr. Warren has been dismissed from its management, much to the satisfaction of one class of its supporters. The correction they make touches only the verbal error by which we attributed this action to the "Committee of Fifteen," instead of to the Executive Committee. The facts stated were otherwise exactly true. Dr. Warren has left the service of the Society; and at our last advices from Boston was engaged in the not very hopeful task of trying to start a new Congregational paper, in which effort he has our heartfelt commiseration. The wonderful depreciation in the valuation of the property of the Society has already been referred to—a depreciation not so much real as caused by previous deceptive valuations of stock. But, as showing how the business of the Society has declined the past year, we append its balance-sheet for two years. In 1868-9 the cash business receipts were $113,509 42; the charitable receipts, $39,947 93; and the expenses (of which $2,000 were back salaries, editors' salaries $5,525, besides heavy expenses of removal), $42,508 28. During 1869-70 the cash business receipts were $103, 027 36; the charitable receipts, $30,953 87; and the expenses, $35,-122 79. During the first of these years the *gross* profits were $27,586 19, being 24 per cent.; and last year were $16,934 65 being 16 per cent. It will hardly see another anniversary.

....Miss Sophia Smith, late of Hatfield, Mass., has left the sum of $300,000 to found in the County of Hampshire—in Northampton, if the town will raise $25,000 for the institution—a college for the higher education of young women. In her will she says: "It is my opinion that by the higher and more thorough Christian education of women, their wrongs will be redressed, their wages adjusted, their weight of influence in reforming the evils of society greatly increased; as teachers, as writers, as mothers, as members of society, their power for good will be incalculably enlarged." Not more than half the bequest may be invested in buildings and grounds; the other half is to be a permanent fund, of which the interest only is to be used forever, for furnishing teachers, library, and apparatus for the higher education of young women and the general purposes and objects of the institution. The will provides, further, that the "Holy Scriptures shall be daily and systematically read and studied in said college; and, without giving the preference to any sect or denomination, all the education and all the discipline shall be pervaded by the spirit of the Christian religion." The studies are to embrace "higher culture in the English language and literature; also in ancient and modern languages; in mathematical and physical sciences; in the useful and fine arts; in intellectual, moral, and æsthetic philosophy; in natural theology; in the evidences of Christianity; in gymnastics and physical culture; in the sciences and arts that pertain to education, society, and government; and such other studies as coming times may develop or demand for the education of woman and the progress of the race. I would have the education suited to the mental and physical wants of women. It is not my design to render my sex any the less feminine; but to enable, as fully as may be, the powers of womanhood, and to furnish women with the means of usefulness, happiness, and honor, now withheld from them."

....The Windham County celebration of Independence Day at Woodstock, Ct., promises to be a memorable event. The President of the United States, accompanied by his family and personal staff, General B. F. Butler, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Ex-Governor Buckingham, and others, will be present. The President will leave Washington on Friday evening, July 1st, breakfast on Saturday morning in New York, and leave immediately afterward for Hartford, where he will be entertained in the evening by Gov. Jewell. He will spend the Sunday in Hartford. On Monday, the Fourth, the President and party will proceed by rail to Putnam, at which place a grand procession will be formed to escort him to Woodstock, where he will be the guest of Mr. Henry C. Bowen. At 1 o'clock P. M. the President, Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodford (the orator of the day), General Butler, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and other distinguished persons present will proceed, under escort of music and the various committees, to the speaker's stand on the Common. Senator Buckingham will preside, and the following will be the order of exercises:

1. Music by the band.
2. Prayer.
3. Address of Senator Buckingham, the presiding officer, and introduction of the President to the people.
4. Music.
5. Oration of Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Stewart L. Woodford.
6. Music.
7. Speech by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.
8. Music.
9. Speech by Hon. Benjamin F. Butler.
10. Music and singing—America.
11. Closing by firing national salute.

These exercises will be followed by a grand musical entertainment by the Third Regiment Band, closing at 6 o'clock; after which there will be a display of fireworks. These arrangements, if the weather proves favorable, will no doubt call together a larger crowd than has ever been seen in Eastern Connecticut.

.... One of the less prominent of the official *Advocates* falsely accuses us of having "committed a gross attack" on the Methodist Church; and the *Advocate* of this city reprints and endorses the article. No church can get along well without a healthful criticism of its officials. The Book Concern imbroglio, if it has shown any one thing, has shown that this criticism cannot be had from the official journals of Methodism. We do not say that they dare not give it; but they do not. With the great Methodist constituency that we have, therefore, we feel that we cannot render that denomination any better service than to criticise where we think it needed. Is this "attacking" the Church? Is the Book Committee the Church? Is Dr. Curry the Church? Or is Dr. Lore the Church? In the name of the Methodist people, we warn these Book Concern officials that they are not the Church—that they are a very small part of the Methodist Church, not at all necessary to its existence. We do not believe the Book Committee infallible. The November bull differs too much from the February bull. We are not a little amused at the manner in which the *Advocate* and its country ally crack their whips over *The Methodist, Zion's Herald*, the bishops (who are supposed to favor Dr. Lanahan) and THE INDEPENDENT. We cannot answer for our unofficial Methodist contemporaries, nor for the bishops; but, for ourselves, we can only say that the whiplash does not reach "the Methodist editor" on the staff of THE INDEPENDENT. If he could be whipped in, he would not be worthy a place on the staff of an independent paper. As long as the independent Methodist press, the leading secular journals, and those godly and venerable men, the Methodist bishops, have to walk up to the same desk for chastisement, we can stand it. But we warn the whippers-in that the Methodist people are not Catholics, and that they will surely resent every attempt to stifle discussion.

....Exceedingly cool is the apparent unconcern with which Gen. Howard takes the malicious misrepresentations of his official conduct made in the Democratic journals and in some Republican papers. The public does not generally know that one of Gen. Howard's bitterest personal enemies has peculiar facilities—by his connection with a large number of newspapers and with the reporters in Washington who use the telegraph—to spread false or garbled reports. These Opposition papers are especially indignant at the charge that he has given $313,000 to the American Missionary Association from the funds of the Freedmen's Bureau. The charge is true, in a sense, and needs no defense. The law requires him to pay in support of those schools in the South which make no distinction of race, sect, or color. This money he has paid, as he was bound to do by law, to the schools of the American Missionary Association and of other Freedmen's Aid Societies. If that Association has a very large number of schools, it is not his fault nor theirs; and the Association has given more aid to the Bureau in its especial work, than the Bureau has to the Association. If Gen. Howard has perverted funds, he ought to be punished; but the people trust him yet, and see little more than malice in the prosecution.

....It is really too bad to hit a man after he is down, and that is the case with Dr. Robert Patterson, of Chicago, the self-appointed champion of orthodoxy against science, since the *Interior* has accepted our advice to engage Dr. Andrews, president of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, to take his place, as a better David against the modern Goliath of undevout science. Dr. Andrews gave him—not Goliath, but the putative David—such a blow in the *Interior* that he has not since recovered. But a specimen of his erudition, which escaped our notice till we saw it alluded to in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, is too good to let pass. He made the statement in a late article that no "simple substance" was to be found in Nature. Everything was chemically combined. As specimens of the simple substances found in Nature might be mentioned, gold, silver, copper, carbon, sulphur, and Robert Patterson, D.D. We have full faith in the harmony of religion and science, and we do despise all attempts by the defenders of either to throw contempt on the other.

....A Boston correspondent of the *Christian Union* says that the Massachusetts Indian Commission "proves to be the uniting factor of religious oil and water" in that city, bringing into benevolent coöperation Rev. Phillips Brooks and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Rev. John T. Sargent, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Dr. Manning, Charles W. Slack, and others as antipodal as they, scating them side by side on the same platform, in the Old South church, on Sunday evening! The writer asks:

"What is Boston coming to when Wendell Phillips speaks in the Old South on Sunday evening; when the radical Slack and the conservative Phillips can, theoretically, smoke the calumet? But the Indian has served one good purpose. He has united some of our most diverse elements to work for his welfare, and now we have an association, organized and officered by men who know their business and how to do it; and this business is to support, encourage, push, and press on to triumph a peace policy with the Indians—a policy whose underpinning shall be justice and good-will—to advocate and prove true the theory that the Indian can be made a good citizen."

Gov. Claflin is the president of this new society.

....*The Weekly Register*, one of the Roman Catholic journals of Brooklyn, speaks in disfavor of the recent collections made in New York in Roman Catholic congregations in behalf of the Pope. It says:

"We do not think that it is just the thing to tax us in our poverty for the maintenance of a temporal and political system in Rome with which the Catholics of these United States have nothing at all to do. To the successor of St. Peter, and to the Head of the Catholic Church, we will give generously and willingly as long as we have anything to give; but to the King of the Papal States we owe neither allegiance nor one dollar."

We are glad to hear a Roman Catholic voice utter such sentiments as the above. The intolerance which many Protestants show toward Romanists is because such Protestants see so few Romanists entertaining liberal ideas. But the Roman Catholic Church is not wholly given over to bondage. It contains many noble souls who love freedom, and are not far from winning it for themselves and their brethren.

....The question of woman suffrage has found entrance into reconstructed Virginia. Two papers, at least—the Lynchburg *Republican* and the Bristol *News*—have espoused the cause; and we shall not be surprised if Virginia comes up to the full standard of human rights in advance of Vermont.

....The neighboring town of Elizabeth, in New Jersey, is often spoken of as the slowest of slow places; and yet we observe that the question of woman suffrage has obtained a favorable hearing there.

Personal.

THE man who had the honor of casting the *one* ballot for woman's suffrage in the Constitutional Convention of Vermont is Mr. Harvey Howes, the delegate from the town of West Haven. Many of those who voted Nay will live to be ashamed of the act; but it will ever be a source of pride to Mr. Howes and his descendants that he was sagacious enough to discern the justice of allowing woman to vote, and brave enough to express his opinion in the face of a prejudiced and contemptuous majority. A writer in the Rutland *Herald* puts the case thus:

"'*How's* Woman Suffrage?' O, surviving!
The first of its struggles is done:
Two hundred and over *against* it,
And yet it has certainly—won!"

....We hear with pleasure of the appointment of Prof. W. B. Silber, formerly of the College of the City of New York, to the presidency of Albion College, Michigan. We know the man, and we know the college. In the days when Mr. Silber was a tutor, he had the respect and good-will of his classes; and since then he has been gradually increasing his reputation as an instructor, particularly in the classics. We trust that his administration of the important trust to which he has lately been called will be as successful as the college over which he presides has a right to expect.

....The Cable informs us that the great chapel of Westminster Abbey was densely crowded on Sunday, especially by the working people, the vast congregation having assembled on the occasion of the sermon by Dean Stanley in honor of the memory of Charles Dickens. The lowly classes were present in great numbers, and the laboring people were in the predominance. The assemblage was a grand spontaneous tribute to the memory of the champion of the poor and lowly; and they testified their appreciation of the beauties of the sermon by perfect quiet and attention. The sermon was of a character suited to the condition of the majority of his hearers, who listened eagerly. The preacher eloquently affirmed that Dickens, by his living works in the cause of benevolence, taught the lesson to the rich that there were imposed upon them certain duties of providing for the poor and relieving the distresses of the impoverished. The sermon was deeply impressive, and the congregation manifested signs of sorrowful interest during the affecting passages of the discourse. A part of the last will of Mr. Dickens was read. In that he declines a monument, but rests his fame on his published works. He also urges his children to practice Christianity in a broad spirit, not accepting the narrow construction of any man or any sect.

....Mr. George Ripley, writing to *The Tribune* from Italy, after paying a touching tribute to Richard Hildreth, formerly U. S. consul at Trieste, and whose grave is side by side with that of Theodore Parker, at Florence, thus speaks of his successor in the consulate, Mr. A. W. Thayer, of Boston:

"I was rejoiced to meet Mr. Thayer again as a friend and fellow-laborer of many years' standing, and who has been fortunate in winning golden opinions

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....The American Moravians, at the decennial Moravian meeting, held last year, in Germany, pressed the immediate establishment of a Moravian mission in their ancestral home of Moravia and Bohemia. The German committee has done nothing about it, although instructed to do so; and now the American Province has voted to stir them up, and really find if Austria would allow religious toleration.

....The New York Baptist Pastors' Conference has unanimously resolved no longer to aid the New York City Missionary since it has adopted the policy of establishing mission churches on the union basis. The reason given is that "there is a radical difference of opinion between the Baptists and other Christians connected with this society as to the administration of the Christian ordinances."

....The latest Methodist relic is the pulpit Bible used by the father of John and Samuel Wesley. During Philip Phillips's visit to England, he purchased it for $350. The present owner has been offered $600 for it by a private gentleman; but it is reserved for a public institution. The proceeds of the sale will be given to Mr Boole's "Water-street Mission."

....We do not hear that Bishop Cox has vouchsafed any reply to Professor Bartlett's attack, which the Bishop had solicited, against the claims of Episcopal bishops. Meanwhile, the *American Churchman*, of Chicago, has taken up the cudgel so far as to attempt in two long articles to prove that Modestin, to whom Professor Bartlett referred, is a people's bishop, not a prelate, and was ordained by presbyters, not bishops, and was himself a presbyter, and died authorizly.

....On January 1st there were in England and Wales 5,750 Wesleyan churches, 3,134 Primitive Wesleyan, 2,253 Congregational, 1,818 Baptist, 697 United Methodists, 756 Calvinistic Methodists, 639 Roman Catholics, 272 Quaker, 108 Unitarian, and 123 Presbyterian of various sorts—making, with other small bodies, 17,589 Dissenting places of worship.

....The New England Methodist Conference sent Gilbert Haven and 2 other delegates to the late Conference of the African and the Zion Methodist Local Conferences. The matter of consolidation with the Methodist Episcopal Church was supported with no opposition, and the Zion Conference voted its approval.

....The Baptist Ministers' Conference of Boston has voted its desire that the Missionary Union inaugurate a mission to Madrid, under the charge of Professor Knapp. The general opinion, however, seems to be that he has forfeited his connection with the Baptist body.

....Five of the members of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly have signed a protest against the report adopted by the Assembly in reference to conference with the Northern Church. That report charged Northern Presbyterians with a "total surrender of fundamental doctrines of grace," and placed it church in an implacable attitude.

....A test vote in the Consistory of the Reformed Church in Paris brought out a majority in favor of requiring that all who claim to belong to this church should assent to the Apostle's Creed. The approaching meeting of the General Synod will settle the matter. The "Liberals" insist that no sort of creed be imposed.

....Rev. Titus Coan and wife, the venerable missionaries from the Sandwich Islands, are enjoying their first vacation, after 36 years of labor, visiting the United States. He has been addressing with great acceptance the churches in Chicago, and will soon return to his own church—the largest missionary church, we believe, in the world.

....The restriction in Stephen Girard's will forbidding clergymen to be allowed to enter the buildings of Girard College is still enforced. On presenting his ticket of admission to the janitor, Dr. Damon, of Honolulu, was asked if he were not a clergymen (he wore a white cravat and a very benevolent face), and was refused admission.

....Mrs. Van Cott has not yet intermitted her revival preaching during the hot weather. *Zion's Herald* reports her great success in Webster, Mass., where 64 have already joined the Methodist church on probation, as the fruits of a 4 weeks' campaign. She is now in Shelburne Falls.

....A movement is announced in Hungary, headed by Professor Schwicker, looking for the establishment of a Hungarian National Church, independent of Rome. He says in a pamphlet that it is the firm and unchangeable conviction of all the Catholics in Hungary that such a church be organized.

....Bishop Verot, of Savannah, S. C., spoke an hour and a half in the Council against infallibility. Having said he regarded a vote in favor as a sacrilege, he was interrupted by the president. A sentiment in opposition is growing among the American prelates.

....The Reformed Presbyterians (Old Side) have 84 ministers and 8,204 communicants. The New Side Reformers have about 30 ministers, though it is difficult to keep the run of their diminishing numbers since they expelled Mr. Stuart.

....The summer camp-meetings are now being freely advertised. Ocean Grove, near Long Branch, N. J., has been purchased and fitted up for a grand seaside camp-meeting, convenient of access to New York and Philadelphia.

....The Board of Delegates of American Israelites has made arrangements with the Jewish Alliance at Paris to have the suffering Russian Jews sent on here not more than 100 at a time. They will be sent West and South.

....The liturgical question, which is dividing the (German) Reformed Church, causes the (Dutch) Reformed Church to look with suspicion on the project for union between the two bodies.

....The Presbyterian Freedmen's Commission has had during last year under its care 30 ministers and 101 teachers; 69 churches, which received 667 on profession; 76 Sunday schools and 77 day schools.

....Rev. Edmund Fonlkes, the restive Roman Catholic convert, whose pamphlet on "The Church's Creed" dissatisfied his Catholic friends, has been received back into the English Church.

....The minutes of last year show 740 accessions to the Baptist churches in Sweden. There have been great losses from emigration to this country.

....We are glad to learn that the recent disastrous fire in Constantinople has not ravaged that part of the city in which the missionary property is situated.

....Frederick Marquand, Esq., has given $50,000 to the Union Theological Seminary, bringing the subscriptions over the $300,000 required before they become binding.

....The Presbyterians of Los Angeles, Cal., have brought suit against Bishop Kip to recover $5,000, on account of a church built by them, but now used by the Episcopalians.

....Father Hyacinthe has been visiting Munich, as the guest of Dr. Dollinger, and quite a number of earnest Catholics met together in conference.

....The Bishop of Ripon disgusted many English Churchmen by voting, along with the Lord Bishops in Parliament, for the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

....The Greek Church is earnestly meditating the calling of a Greek Œcumenical Council.

....Amherst College has just received $42,000 for its library—half being the gift of Hon. Wm. Kelley, of Rhinebeck, N.Y.

....The Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Canada has been in session, under the presidency of Mr. Punshon.

....Connecticut has furnished 20 bishops to the Episcopal Church, of whom about half have come from Hartford.

....The Trenton (N. J.) Baptist Association has passed a resolution disapproving of the use of tobacco by its members.

....The Sultan of Turkey has granted about 600 acres of land near Jaffa, free from land tax, for a Jewish model farm.

....The Midnight Mission is attempting to raise a building fund of $40,000 by 1,000 subscriptions of $40 each.

Publisher's Department.

THE ADVANCE.

WHAT INTELLIGENT JUDGES THINK OF IT.

HONEST OPINIONS, VOLUNTARILY GIVEN.

"I regard it as standing fairly on the highest ground yet reached by religious journals in America."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

"I am delighted with the bold, manly tone of *The Advance*."—*Hon. James A. Garfield.*

"I read *The Advance* regularly and with interest."—*Vice-President Schuyler Colfax.*

"I consider it the ablest, best, and most outspoken religious journal published."—*Rev. Horace Bushnell.*

"An admirable paper—live and truth-loving. I read it with zest."—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

"I am glad to see the marked ability which characterizes *The Advance*."—*Rev. T. C. Upham, D. D.*

"*The Advance* is an able sheet, well filled and well conducted."—*Zion's Herald, (Boston).*

"One of the ablest religious journals extant."—*New York Sun.*

"Amongst the American papers one of the most interesting is *The Advance*, published in Chicago."—*Church Opinion, London, England.*

Rev. Jay Clisbee, writing from Paris, says:

"I have been pleased to find *The Advance* in Paris. A gentleman said to me the other day, as we were looking over its pages, 'That is the best religious paper published in the United States.' A sentiment in which I think many Americans agree."

"A paper we believe to be truly in advance of most others in its plain denunciations of evil, and its advocacy of all that is pure and lovely and of good report.—*Advocate and Guardian, (N. Y.).*

"*The Advance* is a very dear friend in our family. My study would be bereaved if robbed of it."—*Rev. (Colonel) Edward Anderson, Ashtabula, Ohio.*

"I like *The Advance* more and more, and wish it was in every family in my parish."—*Rev. Washington Gladden.*

Terms, $2 50 per annum, in advance. To clergymen, $2.

Sent from June to January, 7 months, for one dollar. Specimen copies sent free. Address

THE ADVANCE Co.,
Chicago.

FIRE WORKS AND FANCY GOODS.

WE would call the attention of our readers, and especially of those who deal in fancy goods and toys, to the advertisement, in another column, of Nichols, Lyon & Co., 43 Maiden Lane, New York. They think, and we think, that their stock of European and American fancy goods is so well selected, and offered at such low prices, as to deserve the attention of druggists, jewelers, and stationers. Wallets, work-baskets, and fans; cutlery, brushes, and toilet preparations; writing-desks, chessmen, and papier-mache ware; opera-glasses, microscopes, and guitars; Parian, china-ware and Bohemian glass; toys, dolls, and games, are among the articles which they supply to the trade. Especially at this season, they have an excellent assortment of fireworks, of every sort, of their own manufacture, and will be happy to send a price-list to any applicant.

THE COAT OF THE PERIOD.

THE following conversation is said to have occurred a year or two since, when Gus. arrayed in the hight of the style, appealed to his favorite sister: "Now, sister, your candid opinion, please, and no humbug! How do you like this coat?" "Well, dear, since you appeal to my candor, I think it would be none the worse *for an additional flounce or two.*"

Gentlemen's coats have gained a trifle in length since that day, and Messrs. Freeman & Burr, of 138 and 140 Fulton street, New York City, are making suits to order which defy criticism and give full satisfaction in every particular. The reputation of Freeman & Burr as clothiers is high, and their mode of conducting business is acceptable to customers in all parts of the country. Please notice their advertisement, in another column.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY is *no Patent Medicine humbug*, gotten up to dupe the ignorant and credulous; nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances, brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a mild, soothing, pleasant Remedy, a perfect Specific for Chronic Nasal Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and kindred diseases. The proprietor, R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., (whose private Government Stamp is on every package of the *Genuine*), offers a reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh he cannot cure. For sale by druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, for sixty cents. Address the proprietor as above.

STEALING FROM OLD NEPTUNE.

THE patent method by which Carageen or Irish Moss is converted into Sea Moss Farine is a very laborious and complicated one. The raw material is first deprived of its bitterness by repeated washings. It is then carefully picked over by hand and desalted—in other words, deprived of all moisture; after which it is passed through a series of mills and other apparatus, by which it is cleansed from every impurity, and pulverized and concentrated, without being robbed of its refreshing ocean flavor, Having been thus manipulated and put up in convenient packages it is ready for conversion into such Blanc Mange, Puddings, Creams, Gruels, Cream Pies, Soups, Sauces, etc., as are not procurable with any other material, however expensive.

The Chillicothe and Omaha Railroad, for which Grundy and Mercer County (of Missouri) bonds, sold by Messrs. Gwynne, Johnson & Day, are issued, has been leased by the Chicago and Southwestern Railroad Company—a branch of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific—and will be completed and in operation early next spring.

☞ A member of MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER (the Great National *Illustrated Rural, Literary, and Family Newspaper*) will be sent free to every reader of THE INDEPENDENT who sends address to D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

DR. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for Lung, Female, and Chronic Diseases, is indorsed by the first names of the country. For its advantages send for a circular.

SWISS CARVED GOODS.

The Swiss M'f'g Co., 36 East 14th St., cor. University Place.

DUTCHER'S LIGHTNING FLY KILLER.—The Original Genuine Article. Imitations are about. Don't be fooled. Ask for [illegible]

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements of Jay Cooke & Co., George Opdyke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Tanner & Co., Luther Kountze, Hatch & Foote, Caldwell & Co., Turner Brothers, Henry Clews & Co., White, Morris & Co., Gwynne, Johnson & Day, Gilman, Son & Co., Lawrence Bros. & Co., Condict & Co., Wm. P. Converse & Co., Utley & Dougherty, Thomas Denny & Co., and others, who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

ROCHESTER WATER WORKS.

WE are pleased to learn that the important enterprise of introducing into the City of Rochester, N. Y., a full supply of the best quality of water is rapidly nearing completion. We understand the company have a large force now engaged, and that one mile more of conduit pipe only is required to bring the water into the city; when the whole force will be disposed in laying pipes through the various streets.

This is a want long felt by the citizens; and the introduction of a plentiful supply of pure water will not only add to the comfort and health of the people, but will pay the company largely on the investment, and at the same time enhance the value of the property of the city, by rendering it more desirable as a place of residence, and affording better facilities for manufacturing.

STABLE FITTINGS AND FIXTURES.

WE beg to call the *special* attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. S. S. Bent's Stable Fixtures, in another column.

We have inspected them, and find many new, novel, and useful improvements in the manner of feeding and in the general arrangements of the stalls, sufficient to establish in our minds the fact that these fittings are not excelled, either in this country or in Europe, for utility, convenience, and safety.

Mr. Bent has removed his salesroom from East 26th street to the Christian Association Building, corner 4th avenue and 23d street, N. Y.

A GOOD GIFT.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a first-class $3 Monthly, is just entering upon its 51st volume. The change in form, from quarto to octavo, made in January, added much to its popularity. Terms, $3 a year; or for half a year only $1 50. And clubs of ten new subscribers from July to January only $10, and a copy of THE INDEPENDENT a year as a *free gift*. The publisher gives one of Prang's $5 chromos—"The Doctor"—to all $3 subscribers who remit at once, with 20 cents extra to pay for mailing. Letters should be addressed to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

MAGNIFICENT.

WE are satisfied that the Set of Double Harness made for us by that celebrated manufacturer, Mr. R. Campbell, of No. 50 Fourth Avenue, of this city, will be pronounced by experts and connoisseurs in that line as simply magnificent, as well in regard to material as for style and workmanship.

NOTICES.

THE BUSINESS INSTITUTE FOR TEACHERS AND EDUCATIONAL MEN, to meet in Chicago, July 12th, and continue six weeks promises to be a grand success. Send for *Chicago Courier* for June for full programme. Send free.

BRYANT, CHASE & SPENCER.

MARRIED.

TOMPKINS—WARKMAN.—On Wednesday, June 15th, at Southport, Conn., by Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, assisted by Rev. George Hall, of Southport, Charles E. Tompkins, of New York, to Cornelius C. Wakeman, of the former place.

DIED.

BOGARDUS.—Suddenly, on Wednesday morning, June 8th, Josie Burpee, only son of Edward Webster and Emily F. Bogardus, aged 6 years, 9 months, and 14 days.

So fades the lovely blooming flower—
Frail mantling solace of an hour;
So wears our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Let dying hope revive again;
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

TOP LABEL. NEW SIX CORD 200 YDS 100 YDS 50 YDS 30 YDS WILLIMANTIC LINEN. BOTTOM LABEL. SUPERIOR SIX CORD MACHINE THREAD. Cord

SOFT FINISH SPOOL COTTON.

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway, NEW YORK, March 1st, 1869.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and highly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.
WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Weed Sewing Machine Company,
HARTFORD, August 29th, 1868.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your IMPROVED BROIL COTTON in various ways—using it in "running in" and inspecting our Machine at the Factory, displaying Machines to customers, and doing all kinds of sewing at our offices; supplying the demands from our wholesale and retail trade; in short, using and placing it on every requirement; and now take pleasure in saying that we neither expect nor desire to find its superior, as that which you furnish us answers every mark, whether for strength, smoothness, or uniformity.
Yours, very respectfully, E. L. CLARK, Sec'y.

Office of the Florence Sewing Machine Company,
FLORENCE, MASS., January 15th, 1870.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Florence and other Sewing Machines.
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.

Office of TRACY & BILL, Importers and Manufacturers of Hemstitched and Steam Pressed Shirt Fronts, 1246 Broadway,
NEW YORK, September 10th, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., *Agents Willimantic Linen Co.*—GENTS:—Since we have given your Six Cord Sewing Machine Thread a thorough trial on our STEAM POWER SEWING MACHINES, the severest test a Thread can be put to), and it runs to our entire satisfaction, in our estimation, it possesses all the qualities of a perfect Six Cord Thread. Respectfully yours, TRACY & BILL.

GEO. S. MOULTON & CO. 101 Chambers St.,
SOLE AGENTS IN NEW YORK.

Composite
IRON WORKS CO.
IRA HUTCHINSON, Prest. IRAH CHASE, Vice-Prest.
(FORMERLY CHASE & CO.)
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF
Patent Composite Iron Work,
GATES,
RAILINGS,
GUARDS, ETC.,
IMPROVED WIRE-WORK,
FOR BANK COUNTER AND OFFICE
RAILINGS, LAWN, COTTAGE,
AND FARM FENCES.
ORNAMENTAL WORK
IN
Iron, Zinc, and Bronze.
Vases, Fountains, Statuary, Iron Furniture. Stable Fittings, Etc.
109 MERCER ST., near PRINCE ST.,
NEW YORK.

FOR SALE,
CHOICE
CITY AND COUNTY BONDS,
PAYING
10 PER CENT. AND OVER,
FREE OF ALL TAXES,
State of Illinois.
AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE AND CONFIRMED BY A LARGE VOTE OF THE PEOPLE AT ELECTIONS HELD FOR THAT PURPOSE.
ALL OF A HIGH ORDER AND FIRST-CLASS SECURITIES OF UNDOUBTED CHARACTER, INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL PAYABLE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, SUITABLE FOR PERMANENT, SAFE, AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS. FOR SALE AT A LARGE REDUCTION BELOW PAR, FOR THE PRESENT ONLY.
REAL VALUATION OF PROPERTY - - - - $41,800,000
WHOLE INDEBTEDNESS ONLY - - - - - - $650,000
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES
RECEIVED IN EXCHANGE AT THE BEST RATES, AND BONDS PURCHASED BY OUT-OF-TOWN RESIDENTS SENT BY EXPRESS FREE OF CHARGE.
TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS OF ESTATES, CAPITALISTS, AND OTHERS SEEKING RELIABLE INVESTMENTS ARE PURCHASING THESE LOANS.
ALBERT H. NICOLAY,
STOCK BROKER AND AUCTIONEER,
NO. 43 PINE STREET.
N. B.—FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT SECURITIES, PAYING LARGE RATES OF INTEREST, A SPECIALTY WITH THIS HOUSE FOR MANY YEARS.

THE DYING BODY
SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!
THROUGH
DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue-making* and *flesh-making* elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric or heat-making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or enrarified in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corruption may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so charge the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound and living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates *every atom of virus* from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Calomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted family complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tetters, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually processing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT exod all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphiloid diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the Powells regulated with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter-stamp to RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.
Sold by Druggists.

First Mortgage 7 Per Cent.
GOLD BONDS
OF THE
CENTRAL RAILROAD OF IOWA
AT 95, FREE FROM TAX.
FOR SALE BY
Jay Cooke & Co.,
No. 20 WALL STREET, N. Y.

O. E. WOOD,
23 NASSAU ST.,
HAS FOR SALE
$100,000 FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF LONG Island Railroad Co., $15,000 per mile, 7 per cent., 90 and interest, May and November, 20 years.
$50,000 BONDS OF SOUTHERN MINNESOTA R. R. CO. Land grant, 9,000 acres per mile, 8 per cent., free, 9 1/2 and interest.
$50,000 BONDS OF CITY OF ELIZABETH, N. J. 7 per cent., due in 5 years, 95.
$100,000 NEW JERSEY TOWN BONDS, 7 per cent., issued for railroad purposes, 95 1/2.
Further information furnished as above.

CHILDREN TEETHING
Mrs. Winslow's
SOOTHING SYRUP,
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,
greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and
Relief and Health to Your Infants.
We have put up and sold this article nearly thirty years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH OF IT what we have never been able to say of any other medicine: NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and wonderful cures. We speak in this matter WHAT WE DO KNOW, after years of experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.
Full directions for using will accompany each bottle.
Be sure to call for
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"
having the fac simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.
Sold by Druggists throughout the world.

OBLIGATIONS
OF THE
STATE OF ILLINOIS.
WAYNE COUNTY TWENTY-YEAR
7 PER CENT. BONDS.
REGISTERED BY THE STATE AUDITOR.
THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE TO BE COLLECTED AND PAID BY
THE
STATE OF ILLINOIS.
THE TREASURER OF THE STATE
writes as follows:
"The whole machinery for paying interest and principal of these Bonds is exactly the same provided for paying any debt of the State of Illinois.
The Six per Cent. Bonds of the State of Illinois are received at par in exchange for these Bonds.
Apply to
Gilman, Son & Co.,
47 EXCHANGE PLACE, N. Y.

7 Per Cent.
GOLD INTEREST
(FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX)
First Mortgage
SINKING FUND BONDS
OF THE
WEST WISCONSIN
RAILROAD CO.,
Fifteen Years to Run from January, 1870, and Convertible into Stock at Par.
LAND GRANT OF OVER 1,000,000 ACRES
FROM GOVERNMENT,
upon which, together with the Road and all its property, these Bonds are a First Mortgage.
EXEMPTED FROM TAXES UPON ITS LANDS FOR 15 YEARS.
70 MILES FINISHED AND RUNNING,
from which income is derived, with rapidly-increasing receipts.
An air-line from St. Paul to Milwaukee and Chicago. These lands estimated worth $5,000,000. Total amount of mortgage, $4,000,000. The price is 90 and accrued interest. The coupons are payable January and July. Pamphlets, with full particulars and map, can be obtained at the office of
White, Morris & Co.
BANKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE COMPANY,
NO. 20 WALL STREET, New York.

7 Per Cent. Gold
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
(FREE OF U. S. TAX)
OF THE
Burlington, Cedar Rapids, and Minnesota Railroad Co.
A limited quantity for sale
At 90 and INTEREST.
INTEREST PAYABLE MAY AND NOVEMBER.
J. EDGAR THOMSON, } Trustees.
CHARLES L. FROST, }
These bonds have 40 years to run, are convertible at the option of the holder into the stock of the Company at par, and the payment of the principal is provided for by a sinking fund.
The greater part of the road is already completed and shows large earnings, and the balance of the work is rapidly progressing.
We unhesitatingly recommend these Bonds as the safest and best investment in the market.
We, Five-twenties, at present prices, only return five per cent. Interest, while these pay eight and over, quarter per cent. in Gold; and we regard the security equally good.
The Company reserve the right without notice to advance the price.
HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
BANKERS,
32 Wall St., N. Y.

EIGHT PER CENT.
BONDS
OF THE
COUNTIES OF GRUNDY AND MERCER, STATE OF MISSOURI.
Interest Payable January and July, in New York, at
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.
The Railroad for which these Bonds are issued has just been leased by a branch of the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, and will be finished and running by early spring.
Entire indebtedness of each county $200,000, being amount of Bonds issued for above road, of which there remains at this date unsold but about $20,000 of each county, which we still offer at "76 and accrued interest."
Further particulars furnished by application at our office.
GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,
16 WALL STREET.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
Luther Kountze,
52 WALL STREET, New York.
FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS made throughout the United States and Territories, the British Provinces, and Europe.
ORDERS for the PURCHASE or SALE of GOLD.
GOVERNMENT BONDS and other SECURITIES executed for the usual commission.
CITY, STATE and RAILROAD LOANS negotiated.
HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.
We Buy and Sell Government Bonds, and receive the Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on daily balances.
FISK & HATCH,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

Chicago, Cincinnati
AND
LOUISVILLE RAILROAD
7 PER CENT.
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
FOR SALE BY
CALDWELL & CO.,
No. 27 Wall St.;
J. A. UNDERWOOD & SON,
No. 18 Exchange Place.
BANKING HOUSE OF
GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,
No. 16 Wall st., New York.
Special attention given to the negotiation of Corporate Loans, such as first-class City and County Bonds, and Bonds of Railroads under course of construction. Gold, Governments, and other Securities bought and sold on commission.
Interest allowed on deposits.

ST. LOUIS & ST. JOSEPH
RAILROAD
Gold Bonds.
FIRST MORTGAGE—SIXES.
INTEREST PAYABLE MAY AND NOVEMBER AT THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST CO., NEW YORK.
These bonds are made perfectly secure by the value of the road, and their cost 28 per cent. less than Government Five-twenties.
Price 82 and interest in currency.
Pamphlets and maps can be had at the
BANKING HOUSE
OF
Luther Kountze,
52 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

A CHOICE SECURITY.
Eight per cent. Gold.
THE BALANCE OF THE
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
OF THE ISSUE OF
$1,500,000,
BY THE
ST. JOSEPH
AND
DENVER CITY
Railroad Company.
In denominations of $1,000 and $500, coupon or registered, with interest at Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in GOLD, free of United States Taxes, in New York or Europe. The Bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York, in GOLD. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. The mortgage which secures these Bonds is at the rate of $13,500 per mile; covers a completed road for every Bond issued, and is a first and ONLY mortgage. This line, connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney, will make a short and through route to California.
The Company have a Capital
Stock of.....$10,000,000
And a grant of Land from Congress of 1,000,000 acres, valued, at the lowest estimate, at.....8,000,000
First Mortgage Bonds.....1,500,000
Total.....$19,500,000
Total length of road, 272 miles; distance inculled in this Mortgage, 111 miles; price, 97 1-2 and accrued interest, IN CURRENCY. Can be obtained from the undersigned. Also pamphlets, maps, and information relating thereto. These Bonds, being so well secured and yielding a large income, are desirable to parties seeking safe and lucrative investments. We recommend them with entire confidence.
Tanner & Co.,
FISCAL AGENTS,
No. 49 Wall Street, New York.
W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
COMMERCIAL AGENTS,
No. 54 Pine Street, New York.

FOR SALE.
St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute 10 per cent. Mortgage Equipment Bonds, 95 and interest.
Belleville & Southern Illinois 8 per cent. 1st Mortgage Bonds, Guaranteed Principal and Interest, 90 and interest.
Cedar Falls and Minnesota 1st Mortgage 7 per cent Bonds (road leased by the Illinois Central R. R. Co.), 85 and interest.

The Independent.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BY FANNIE R. ROBINSON.

They closed his eyes in the morning,
The tender, yearning eyes;
And perhaps they saw the dawning
Of the coming world's surprise.
Perhaps among the faces
Which love the dying well,
Filling their silent places,
Were Paul and little Nell.
Perhaps the first sweet chiming
That met his wakened ear
Was the wave's translated rhyming
His spirit longed to hear.
And it may be in the gloaming
By which Time's day is bound
He has come, through happy roaming,
Where no Perhaps is found.
That he *knows* if crimson sunsets
Are the robe of the jasper sea,
Where the yellowest, screst leaflets
Find room in the past To Be.
Why the weary notes of warning
Throb into the sunniest hours,
Why the night must follow the morning,
And why there are vices—and flowers.
He has found the golden middle
Which balances our extremes;
But he'll never come back to unriddle
Our queries and guesses and dreams.
He has learned that the saddest stories
Which ever the world is told
Are the ebb in among the Glories
In lines and letters of gold.
He has passed the final passion
Which the bravest fain would flee;
Thank God for the old, old fashion
Of immortality." *

* His own words after the death of little Paul.

TALKING IT OVER.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

The Rev. Mr. Branch called the other day to give me a chance to renew my subscription to the *True Light*—a most excellent paper, which has been a weekly visitor at my house for many years. A very orthodox paper, too; one might almost say a "blue light" as well as a *True Light* in the world. But then I am a very orthodox Christian; so the *abonnement* business was soon arranged with Mr. Branch.

I mentioned incidentally The Independent, and that I was also a subscriber to that splendid sheet.

"A most ably-conducted paper," said he; "perhaps the most so of any in the United States."

"Undoubtedly," I answered; "at least, I read none to compare with it."

"But then," he added, in a tone which implied that there could be no dissent from the statement, "it's lost to the religious world. The controversy has well nigh ceased as to where it stands on evangelical topics; it has simply gone over to Unitarianism!"

"Indeed!" said I. "I was not aware of that; and I read every article in every number, barring the advertisements."

"You have not discovered it!" repeated Mr. Branch, as if he thought me immeasurable stupid. "Why, it is fully conceded by all the evangelical persuasions; no question about it, madame."

"Well," replied I, "I don't like to dispute you and all the 'evangelical persuasions,' especially as I am very evangelical myself; but I certainly do not find The Independent advocating Unitarianism, any more than it does Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or Romanism, or Judaism, or Mormonism. I don't understand it to be an assumption of any belief, religious or otherwise, to allow its advocates to utter their opinions in their own way, provided that way is decorous and respectful. It is distinctly announced, you know, in every issue of The Independent that the *writers* of these opinions are alone responsible for them; the editor vouching for no sentiments expressed by his correspondents. True to its grand idea, as well as its name, The Independent permits its contributors to express themselves on all the great questions of the day, whether religious or secular; and I must say I cannot sufficiently admire the generous and highminded policy which allows and encourages these diverse utterances. Some truth must get to the light by the means, as well as some error."

"Well," said Mr. Branch, oracularly, "the policy has cost something, for its subscribers have fallen off 30,000 within a short time!"

"Indeed!" said I. "How could that fact be ascertained without reference to the books of The Independent? But, even if it were true, I feel an assurance that more than that number of new subscribers have taken their places. Earnest, thinking minds, too, that are not going to quarrel over old isms, but keep themselves abreast of the times. The world moves, Mr. Branch; and The Independent moves with it, and carries its subscribers and readers along in its orbit—all but these 30,000, who will probably gravitate toward and revolve with a lesser orb, and find themselves more at home."

"It's a tremendous drawback, though; but well deserved. Few papers could stand such a loss of patronage," put in Mr. Branch, sullenly.

"It is barely possible that The Independent may know nothing of any such calamity," said I.

"Well, I am about among the evangelical portion of the community constantly, as agent for the *True Light*; and I know their opinions. Hundreds of clergymen have discontinued it for the reasons I have alleged; and hundreds more would, except that some of our very best D.D.s write for it—a thing I confess I can't quite understand."

"I think I can, Mr. Branch. The orthodoxy of these D.D.s is of that sterling and generous kind which does not get damaged by contact with the convictions or questionings of other minds. It asks large liberty of thought and expression for itself; it concedes the same to others. It can meet candidly and charitably the difficulties and doubts of men on the great subjects of religion and revelation. It looks around, and sees that every human being is different from his neighbor in form, features, color, size—different also in mental powers and moral impulses; and it no longer wonders at the diverse opinions men hold, or at the numerous forms of Christian faith which have appeared since the Great Founder left us. It is rather astonished that there is any agreement at all."

"I can't see it in that light," said Mr. Branch. "The Scripture expressly maintains the fact that there is 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism'; not one hundred!"

"But, my dear sir, inasmuch as it is impossible to know with absolute certainty which is the only true one, how are we to choose between them, except by the aid of our own individual convictions?"

"We can listen to instruction, at least," said Mr. Branch, sharply; "we can receive the truth, and not cavil at it; we can avoid the vagaries of skepticism, rationalism, and other forms of infidelity so common in these days, keeping in the 'old paths' and 'good ways' which conducted our pious fathers to Heaven."

"Yes; but, Mr. Branch," said I, "so many good men in various ages have differed as to what were these 'old paths' and 'good ways' that I should consider myself presumptuous to think of deciding the point. The words referred originally (did they not?) to Judaism, whose professors were continually lapsing into the idolatrous observances of the surrounding heathen. To them a return to the 'old paths' and 'good ways' would mean a return to strict obedience to the ceremonial law of Moses, which they had been led to neglect or violate in allowing themselves to imitate the unclean practices of their idol-worshiping neighbors. Since then the application of these words may have changed a hundred times."

I paused to give Mr. Branch a chance; but he only shook his head provokingly. I warmed up.

"It's a great, wide world this of ours, Mr. Branch. Plenty of elbow-room for everybody, so that none need jostle another. Plenty of work, too, for every one who is ready to do it; and, if some prefer their sphere of thought and operation in the old ruts and dead levels of conservatism, let them work there, in Heaven's name—there's need enough and scope enough for all their activities. If others choose the steeps and hights, where the cars of human progress have but just laid their tracks, and the way is still rough and venturous, the peaks giddy, the cañons deep, the air so thin and rare as to sometimes daze or deceive, give them God-speed. I say, let them do and discover what they can. The prospect will clear about them by and by, and some new leaf from God's great book of the universe will be more intelligently read and more fully comprehended for their efforts."

I am persuaded, however, that my logic and eloquence were for the time lost upon Mr. Branch.

> "A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still."

But, when he has time to think it over, it may yet do him good, by aiding him to understand better the meaning of the apostolic precept upon 'enlargement.'—II Cor., vi., 13.

But Mr. Branch really had some things to commend in The Independent. The slavery question, he said, was admirably handled, and the political attitude of the paper just about what it ought to be. The open and brazen advocacy of the woman suffrage movement was, however, a blot upon its pages. The very idea of the thing, he declared, was sickening. Was it possible that I could be in sympathy with it on that subject? Could I, as a woman, recognize the propriety, to say nothing of the expediency or decency, of such an agitation?

"I recognize both the propriety and expediency of the agitation, sir," replied I; "and deny that there is any indecency about it, except such as gross minds choose to connect with it. But it is rather late in the day to discuss considerations like these, when the thing has so far advanced that a few years at the longest will make it a fixed fact. Now that the Fifteenth Amendment is well disposed of, this comes next on the great national docket."

"I would hope," said Mr. Branch, raising his eyes solemnly to the ceiling, "not to live to see the ballot in the hands of a woman!"

"Then you must make your arrangements to abandon these sublunary scenes before very long," said I, consolingly. "But what harm are women going to do with the ballot that is not done by men? What is your worst apprehension?"

"The ballot, madam, in itself, is a very small thing," said Mr. Branch, impressively. "But it means a great deal; it means that the one who holds and uses it is an individual in the body politic, eligible to office, and *if* to the lowest, so also to the highest in the gift of the people. Fancy a *woman* elected to Congress or to the Presidency of the United States!"

"Ten years ago, my dear sir," replied I, "if the idea may be supposed to have entered into any mind in this country, you might have made the same remark in regard to a negro; and yet, at this hour we have negroes in various responsible offices in the South and elsewhere. We have a negro senator in Congress, and not a black man in all the Southern cotton-fields who is not eligible to any office in the gift of the people, from the lowest to the highest! We have survived this wonder of wonders; nay, we have grown so familiar with it that it hardly seems to astonish us at all. We shall, in a similar manner, let me encourage you, sir, survive the 16th Amendment; and I venture to predict that it will come at last, with as little jog and jar to the machinery of government, and as little outrage to public sentiment, as its 'illustrious predecessor' has done. But, Mr. Branch, is it a thing quite unheard of that women should hold office—even the highest—and hold it with honor and ability equal to that of some men? Is not a woman at this moment holding the highest office in the English nation? And who can show that the affairs of that great empire, which boasts that the sun never goes down upon it, are any worse managed than they have been by some male sovereigns? Women have made great and good and able rulers, as well as bad, incapable, and corrupt ones. So have men. Even the Scriptures lend their sanction here. Did not Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth—a 'mother in Israel,' a prophetess, a poetess, a warrior-woman—did she not judge the chosen people of God from under her palm-tree, whither 'the children of Israel came up to her for judgment'? And under her rule had not the land rest for forty years?

"And what reason can exist, Mr. Branch, why an American woman of intelligence and good sense, aided by competent counselors, should not be able to administer our republican government for a term of four or eight years, as well as Elizabeth, Anne, or Victoria the monarchical one of England during their natural lives?"

The good man had been fidgetting upon a sofa during the whole of my concluding speech. He now rose; and, without replying to my arguments (he could, no doubt, if he had not been pressed for time), said he "really must not forget the interests of the *True Light*," and bade me a handsome good morning.

THE OLD VILLAGE ROAD.

BY CHARLOTTE N. CORDNER.

Winding in and out, it saunters up the hill,
Growing just a trifle broader by the mill,
Where it lingers for a moment with its dusty feet,
Just to dip them in the water and the lilies greet.
Then, renewed, it rambles onward by a field,
Where the daisies, drunk with sunlight, nod and reel.
Then it creeps near quivering branches, where the light
Breaks in stars upon its bosom large and bright.
Then a brook with rippling laughter passes by,
And the road turns off to leave it, looking shy
Of the Cardinal's fiery glances, for it thinks
That it has an air about it like a plant that drinks.
Then it meets a low-browed cottage, by whose door
It has gained a piece of carpet for its floor,
Patterned o'er with little flowers, red and white,
With their hoods drawn o'er their faces very tight.
Then with gypsy march it passes on once more,
'Till some straggling roots, like veins, knot its floor,
Which have wandered outside fences from a tree
To the road, like rustic children, more to see.
So it rambles, bold and reckless, like a tramp,
'Till upon the hill it settles, where it sees a lamp—
Just a cross of gold, which glitters on a spire,
High above the mists and tree-tops, like a fire.
Here does Wisdom teach the erring to be wise,
Telling them of other pathways to the skies,
Where the angels who have loved them often wend,
And 'tis fitting earthly pathways here should end.

Book Table.

TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, GREETING!*

Surely we live in the vintage time. When Whitman, and Swinburne, and Morris, and Rossetti serve wine, we may be forgiven if in a sort of divine intoxication we leap and call out to each other shouting.

Who will ever open the eyes of the world that it may see what it owes to its poets? Who will say to them who change money, "Behold your saviours"? To them who dwell in outer darkness of facts and figures, "Behold the feet of them who bring light"? This is one of the griefs which will never come to end—that only they who already walk in higher planes find out the things which would make for peace and salvation to them that dwell below, if they would but come up; and they will not come.

Only he who has gone to fields hears the lark sing. What use to tell to him who sleeps behind in stone, like toad a thousand years buried, that there is a lark to be heard?

But those blessed shepherds, chance and time, bring many stragglers, many lost, into all true folds. To-day is kinder to singers than yesterday was. Even they who, hewing Nature in pieces with pick-axes, labeling the bits according to age and kind, begin to see that science is poetry in spite of them, and their facts belonged to poets before they lived. There must come a day when in the royal brotherhood of kings the man who sings verses, and the man who tells weight and shape and secret of material forces, will rule side by side in the realms of thought and life; or, if there be any precedence, it will be his who is inspired to sing, not his who is strong to measure and invent. "First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual."

There are many critics who will in the course of the next few weeks give us long notices of Rossetti's verse. They will set it out in the usual array of formula and catalogue—as minute and as technical as a chemical analysis, as just and as lifeless as an herbarium.

We propose no such thing. We own honestly that not until after we had filtered his rare qualities through and through and through the atmosphere of a year's reading and rereading should we dare to believe that we might define and not misrepresent, analyze and not destroy, the subtle, rare, mystic, blessed beauty of the lines he has written.

But it is his right, and right of all who are now for first time standing face to face with him, that he receive instant and heartfelt greeting: Hand to hand, eye to eye, we pledge him, and ourselves to him, to listen henceforth with reverent tenderness to every word he shall speak; to hold him second to none, perhaps first of all, in the band of four sweet and great singers whose names we have set down above.

Yes, we almost believe first of all. Is there anything in the primeval choruses of Whitman, or the satiate color of Swinburne, or even in the sweet, clear, strong note of Morris, which can take equal rank with the sonnet "Lost Days," or "The Blessed Damozel"?

One thing Mr. Rossetti evidently possess in far greater degree than Swinburne, or Morris, or Whitman—and that is the dramatic quality of temperament and work. This is revealed not used, suggested not realized, in these poems; but we are as sure of it as if life dramas of his had been played for a century. Every sonnet shows it; perhaps none more than the one we have already mentioned—

> "LOST DAYS.
>
> "The lost days of my life until to-day,
> What were they, could I see them on the street
> Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
> Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?
> Or golden coins squandered, and still to pay?
> Or drops of blood dabbling the gulity feet?
> Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
> The throats of men in hell, who thirst alway?
> I do not see them here; but, after death,
> God knows I know the faces I shall see,
> Each one a murdered self, with low last breath:
> 'I am thyself. What hast thou done to me?'
> And I—and I—thyself (lo, each one saith),
> And thou thyself to all eternity!"

One involuntarily fancies this sonnet, in hands of William Blake, to be framed by faces of lost souls. No one else could make fit border for it.

"The Blessed Damozel" is a poem whose name will be mentioned always in low tones by women who have loved, and have dreamed how it might be possible to lean out for long, sunny, sunless days

> "From the gold bar of Heaven,"

waiting for one to come from earth, and saying unceasingly:

> "'I wish that he were come to me.
> For he will come,' she said.
> 'Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth
> Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
> Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
> And shall I feel afraid?'
> * * * * * *
> "'Then will I ask of Christ the Lord
> Thus much for him and me:
> Only to live as once on earth
> With Love—only to be,
> As then awhile, forever now
> Together, I and he.'"

No fiery words of Swinburne's could ever so show deathlessness of love as the last stanza of this poem. The Blessed Damozel, watching, has seen the great beam of light made through space by flight of angels upward; and, believing that they were bearing her love to her,

> "Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.'
> (I saw her smile.) But soon their path
> Was vague in distant spheres;
> And then she cast her arms along
> The golden barriers,
> And laid her face between her hands
> And wept. (I heard her tears.)"

"Eden Bower" is both ballad and drama. In shape, perhaps the most remarkable poem in the volume. It is sure to be hastily set one side by superficial readers. Already there is one critic who, although he writes with much appreciation of some of the other poems, confesses to entire impatience with the refrains in this; saying, also, that "the time for refrains has passed by."

Ah, the unconscious comment on the age in that statement! There is not now leisure for refrains! But "Eden Bower," more than any other of the poems, seems to us a triumph in its vivid creation of the shape and air and color of another age, almost of another world.

> "It was Lilith, the wife of Adam:
> (Sin that hath power's in flower.)
> Not a drop of her blood was human:
> But she was made like a soft, sweet woman.
> "Lilith stood on the skirts of Eden.
> (And O the bower and the hour!)
> She was the first that thence was driven.
> With her was hell, and with Eve was heaven."

These verses soon remind one of some of the old 13th century mosaics; or of some of the vows of saints, divine and motionless, painted at that same time by Master William of Cologne. The ear which finds no use in the refrain

> "Eden bower's in flower"

is of kin to the eye—and there are many such—which finds these old saints expressionless, and the golden aureole about their heads suggestive of nothing under heaven but a gilded platter.

No poem in this volume will perhaps be so severely dealt with as "Jenny." There will be hard things said of it in the interests of what is called morality. But there will be other hearts who will thrill to find in it, and by it, that this great poet, great painter, rounded artist, has warm humanity beating in every drop of his man's blood, and childlike compassion in every thought of his soul. We know only two poems to compare with "Jenny" in this; and those poems are two prose stories, told by our Bret Harte, and called "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Miggles."

There are so many lines in these poems which it seems impossible to leave unquoted in even a brief notice, claiming only to be a greeting, that it is hard to choose among them.

Subjective and mystic as he is, Mr. Rossetti is also a realist:

> "Subtle scented transports where
> The black firwood sets its teeth,
> Part the boughs and look beneath:
> Lilies there
> Secret waters there, and breathe."

Only by help of faithfully-observant eyes could a poet say those words, or these:

> "The passionate lids, as faint, when she would speak
> Had also in them hidden springs of mirth
> Which under the dark lashes evermore
> Brook to her laugh, as when a bird flies low
> Between the water and the willow leaves,
> And the shade quivers, till he wins the light."

But, though Mr. Rossetti is loyally faithful if he borrow from field or wood or bird, it is the faithfulness of honesty rather than of love. We do not believe that he would be happy, lying alone all day, under a pine tree, doing no more than the pine tree does, and also no less. Walt. Whitman would; and we believe William Morris also. In this they are more blessed than he; but out of this they can never win all that he wins from the more mystic worship of that inner world whose temples are not made by hands, not even by hands of Nature, and whose priests are set apart rather for sorrow than for joy, for prophecy than kingdom, for eternity than time. H. H.

* Poems by Dante. Gabriel Rossetti. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A WOMAN TO THE RESCUE.*

A mastery of everything that can torture the tender sympathies and finer feelings of the human heart is not possessed by any one in greater perfection than by Rebecca Harding Davis. Since the days of the Spanish Inquisition no one has arisen more ingenious in inventing torments. It is a queer, morbid taste that leads people to applaud a writer of great power of passion who knows no way of using artistic power but to build a world without any Father; to construct a society like a great machine, driven by blind fate; to invent a charming character, excite your sympathy for the person, and then bind the hero to the wheel until his soul is destroyed by the most prolonged torture. The completest success conceived of by this school of writers is to leave the reader groping in darkness and hopelessness, wondering if there be any God. Knowing but little of the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," we had long since concluded from her writings that she was an atheist, wishing to banish faith from the world. We are not a little surprised to find from the present work that she is a Christian—so much of a Christian, indeed, that she comes to us now in a fierce attack on the Woman's Rights movement on account of its unchristian tendencies.

We knew the author of "Life in the Iron Mills" to be a writer of unquestioned power, and we fancied that when she took up the cudgel some heavy blows would be dealt. But the most that can be said of the present work is that it is artful. The very title itself is an artful and deceiving appeal to prejudice. Mrs. Davis fights for the altar and the hearth. Who has assailed the altar and the hearth? Against whom does our champion contend? There is a slander on the very title-page. There have been fools on the side of woman's suffrage. There surely has been no scarcity of them on the other side. There may have been people who combined the advocacy of Woman's Suffrage with attacks on religion and morals. They have been very few, and have never been leaders in the movement. But our authoress coolly and falsely assumes that the advocates of Woman's Rights are hostile to religion and morals. We confess ourselves puzzled to decide whether we shall see willful misrepresentation here or only the fathomless depth of prejudice. The whole book is artful and unfair.

It appeals to the meanest and most irrational prejudices in the meanest and most unreasoning manner, and thus unwittingly bears testimony to the excellence of the movement it assails. "No one," says our ingenious writer, (p. 23), "can go much into society now without meeting women who boldly proclaim that they have no fixed religious faith; and, if they are honest, they often admit that neither have they any faith in moral obligation." The society in which our author moves is surely quite different from that which we are accustomed to meet. Mrs. Davis does not say so; but she quietly assumes that such are the women who are seeking to give the poor and helpless of their sex a better chance in the world. "Moral obligation," forsooth! Does Rebecca Harding Davis believe in the moral obligation of God's commandment against bearing false witness? "The curious preliminary," she proceeds, "to this state is, cutting the hair short, parting it on one side, and expressing doubts as to the authenticity of Genesis." Well does the champion of "the altar and the hearth" understand how sensitive narrow-brained people are to any violation of proprieties. Very few of the advocates of woman's rights are *outré* in their dress or the manner of wearing their hair. But, if they were, is it a sin to cut the hair short and wear it on one side? Is it worse than the chignons, the waterfalls, the "switches," the "rats" in which women generally indulge? Unable to meet the question with any argument, she thus fills up her pages with inuendoes, that force us to believe her either guilty of wanton misrepresentation of some of the noblest women of the world or grossly and criminally ignorant

Let us note how high is this woman's estimate of women. "There is scarcely a step taken by them in life without a view to exciting the approbation of the opposite sex," (p. 24). To this desire to please the opposite sex she attributes the radicalism of women. To "excite the approbation of the opposite sex," we suppose, it must be that solitary Susan Anthony has endured all manner of reviling for a quarter of a century! To "excite the approbation of the opposite sex" venerable Lucretia Mott—but who can patiently reply to such stuff. Are we to understand, too, that it is with "a view to exciting the approbation of the opposite sex" that our authoress has thus volunteered to be the reviler of her own. Of the intellectual character of women our author takes a queer view We are not of those who think that the sexes are just alike in average mental constitution. But the difference is rather of kind than of quantity. When our author says that the female brain is not capable of such sustained exertion as man's she is clearly wrong. These brains, incapable of sustained exertion, have produced the best novels and the best poetry of our day. What they may yet do in other fields, under a better system of education, no one can tell. We do not believe that "woman's entire want of concentration, her almost as entire want of reflection at all, must doubtless be her barrier, independently of any other causes, to ultimate success in the sciences or in learned professions." Every teacher of boys and girls knows that this is not a correct statement of the mental difference. The great mass of women must ever be shut out by domestic duties from the professions and public life. But who shall dare forbid her to whom God has given gifts and ambition, and whom he has placed in favorable circumstances, entering the choicest fields on an equal footing with man. It may be true that women cannot argue. This book has come near to convincing us of it, rather by its weakness than its strength. The writer, for instance, thinks that womanly modesty cannot "stand the shock" of medical study. She will subject the delicacy of the entire sex to the "shock" of the most prying examinations into symptoms by men physicians, rather than consent that a few clear-headed and pure-hearted women shall master the subject of medicine and minister to the welfare of their sisters. This delicacy that is afraid of human anatomy is too extreme to survive the shock of existing.

Our author tries her hand at political economy. "Is it not a fresh complication," she asks, ". . . to thrust women forward into the already teeming and overcrowded liberal professions." She draws a touching picture of refined men driven to the plow for bread. Let women who have to exert themselves still sing the song of the shirt and starve, lest some able-bodied doctor or lawyer should have to soil his dainty hands with labor. The "political economist" can let women starve with impunity; but, if you crowd men out, it is a "fresh complication."

The book is a queer jumble. Every vice of women in society is treated here in the most singular commixture, with a running fire on the subject of woman's rights. Women are reproached almost in the same breath for extravagance in dress and for wanting to vote, for infidelity and for seeking the suffrage, for mercenary marriages and for wanting their rights, for untruthfulness and for desiring to participate in lawmaking. And these strange charges are, either from sheer confusion of ideas or from artfulness, so mixed together in this thin book that the innocent reader is led to infer that the Woman's Suffrage movement is either the fountain or the outflowing of all the social ills of the day. And, in truth, our author, with all her rhodomontade about the angelic mission of woman has only the very shabbiest opinion of the moral character of her sex. These pages are really painful to us. We ask ourselves whether our life-long faith in women—in their superior conscientiousness, in their general loyalty to the good and true—has been a delusion. "The man who lies, or forfeits his word," says the writer, "is dishonored in other men's eyes and his own. This fine appreciation of honor makes him peculiarly fit for business transactions. Woman considers a lie—at least, a white lie—safe and innocent, and sees no disgrace in breaking her plighted word. Where honor is concerned, her generally acute perception becomes dull; she is either blind or sees through a glass darkly. This deficiency alone would render her totally unsuitable for public life." It appears that our authoress, judging from observation and experience, considers women as generally liars! Male politicians are the very soul of honor; but women are so dull in the matter of common truthfulness that they are unfit to hold office. In truth, no one desires that women generally should enter public life. The most that is asked for is that those women peculiarly fitted by Nature and circumstances should not be forbidden to hold office. But Rebecca Harding Davis says they are not truthful enough. "Too frequent untruthfulness is the only one solitary thing which renders woman man's absolute inferior," (p. 83). David said, in his haste, that all men were liars; but the champion of altar and hearth says deliberately that all women tell falsehoods. If we believed all that our writer asserts of the total depravity of the female sex, we might share her concern lest Parliament and Congress should be contaminated by the admission of women. But, if women are so generally deficient in a high sense of honor, we may be permitted to doubt our author's own testimony of her sex. We cannot believe her. She, too, is a woman!

* Paul Ames by Focus. (A Plea for our Altars and Hearths.) By the author of "Waiting for the Verdict, etc. New York: Virtue & Verpion.

STEPS OF BELIEF.*

No man is surer of an audience than James Freeman Clarke. Having no party to speak of that exactly follows him, all parties in theology are his debtors. Unitarian himself, he is the foremost champion of Christianity against the Free Religion that is in or only just outside his own denomination. He prefers naturalistic methods of investigation and statement, and thus stands on common ground with the Free Religionists. But he likewise insists that he can make naturalistic methods produce the most important results for which the supernaturalist thinker and believer contends. Mr. Clarke will have a Christ; but a Christ whose inspiration and elevation may differ almost infinitely in degree, but not at all in kind, from that of the follower of Christ.

The first of the steps set forth here is from atheism to theism. The true turning-point of this battle Mr. Clarke rightly concludes to be in question of the immateriality of the soul. With that faculty for being popular, that genial colloquial style, that gift of felicitous illustration, which are so characteristic of him, our author lifts this whole subject out of metaphysics into the region of common thought. Prove to me that the soul is but a result of the body, and I will prove by the very same methods that the body is but a result of the soul. Convince me that the body exists, and the same line of argument proves the existence of the soul. With his rare faculty for detecting that which is common in opposite opinions and arguments, he thus turns the position of the materialist by abolishing matter with the same set of formidable syllogisms that have just annihilated the soul. It is as if he said: If you will not let me have spirit, no more shall you have matter. Give me my soul, and I will let you have your body.

After presenting very forcibly the old arguments—the ontological, the cosmological, and the teleological—for a God, presenting them with their scholastic gowns stripped off and in a new and attractive dress, he repudiates them all as a means of creating belief. He says:

"We have thus glanced at the arguments by which the being of God is demonstrated. But now, if you ask, 'Why do men believe in God?' I must give a different answer. Men believe in God because they are made to believe in him—because religion is natural to men; because to trust in a Higher Power is a need of the human mind and heart. Men worship and adore God because their hearts and their flesh cry out for him. Human nature has a craving for an infinite Upholder and Friend. Men do not eat and drink because books of physiology have taught them that food is necessary to support life, and have explained how it is transformed by the digestive organs into blood and flesh. They eat because they are hungry. So men do not worship because they have had the existence of God satisfactorily proved to their intellect; but because they are hungry for some spiritual and angelic food."

The first part of the book might be circulated by an Orthodox tract society without offense, and indeed so good a tract on theism for popular reading cannot be found. The most original and characteristic portion of Mr. Clarke's little work is the second part—"From Theism to Christianity." It is here that Mr. Clarke finds fullest range for his favorite method of endeavoring to include almost all of the doctrines of supernaturalism in a naturalistic conception. We hardly think he will succeed in bringing either side to his neutral ground. The naturalists will readily object that so great a pre-eminence in the degree of Christ's participation in the Divine nature is as much a miracle, as hard for him to conceive of, as a radical difference of kind; and the supernaturalist will complain that the difference in kind is the very essential thing, and that no lifting up of a naturalistic conception of Jesus to its utmost elevation can approach to the standard of his Christ. Nevertheless, in showing just what common ground is possible, Mr. Clarke has rendered a great service—a service not only to thought, but to catholicity of feeling. His reply to Free Religion is probably the best that has been made, from the very fact that Mr. Clarke has lived so near it that he has been better able to understand it than have the thinkers of the Orthodox churches. As against Mr. Abbot's plea for the independence of the human spirit, even of the influence of such an example as that of Christ, Mr. Clarke urges that it is by mediation that we receive all that is best in life. Mediation is the genius. Christ's mediation is only the highest species. "There is no other force," says our author, "so vital, so inexhaustible as this. It penetrates to the lowest depths in every heart; it reaches the deepest experience of evil; it transmutes sin into penitent and grateful love. There is no soul so high as to have outsoared this influence; none too low to be found by it. By means of this law of mediation Christianity makes a great advance on every form of theism which omits it. Theism, without this truth, can only tell men to perfect themselves by their own efforts. This may be enough for the strong and courageous; but it does not meet the wants of the discouraged, the weak, the sinful. These need more than the sight of law. They need that experience of forgiving love of which Christ is the mediator in this world."

After treating of Romanism, the author concludes with the last step of belief—"From the Letter to the Spirit." Whatever may be thought of his conclusions here, they cannot but prove eminently suggestive to thinkers of every shade of opinion. We cannot, in the space of a newspaper notice, express any opinion in regard to the conclusions which Mr. Clarke reaches. We have endeavored to report as fairly as possible some of the views advanced in this pregnant little book, which is evidently meant for popular circulation, but which cannot fail to attract the attention of theologians.

* Steps of Belief: or, Rational Christianity maintained against Atheism, Free Religion, and Romanism. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

—The public is always curious about the personal life of its favorites. The curiosity is natural, and is far from being so reprehensible as many people suppose. Every author's works have their fountain in his life, and men love to track things to their sources. This desire for some revelations of the inner personal life is strengthened in the case of Hawthorne by the feeling that the life itself was abnormal. But this very fact stands in the way of the gratification. The subject is regarded as too difficult and delicate by his widow, and so we have nothing but his note-books. The *Passages from the English Note-books* of Nathaniel Hawthorne (Fields, Osgood & Co.) are hardly as interesting, it seems to us, as the American. They are less concerned with his thoughts, and more with his sights. He tells us that he is not a good sight-seer, and he surely is not a spirited recorder of sights. For he is not here a relator, since these notes were meant only for his own use. For that very reason they are the more valuable, as showing the feeling with which he traveled and observed—a feeling of apparent weariness at being drawn out of himself for so long a time by the things that he feels obliged to see. Though we are assured in the preface that he was not morbid, but cheery, we find in these volumes few traces of animal spirits, or of any but the most imperfect sympathy with the outside world. Hawthorne was always the artist. Men were figures for a picture. Perhaps any deep philanthropy, any broad ethical sympathies with the struggles of the race, would have marred the work of the artist.

—In the midst of the dull and wearisome monotony of Sunday school books, written all on the same dead level, we are glad to get one that has something fresh in it. *Sybil's Way*, by A. W. C., (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.), represents a gifted, wayward young girl, misled by her own ability to twist everything into fun and ridicule, very difficult to recall to serious duty, and lieving herself a Christian, brought face to face with a narrow, canting Sunday school teacher, good, but utterly incapable of touching pupils who feel themselves her superiors in mental ability. The portraits are drawn to the life, the characters are neither all good nor all evil, the shades of difference are nicely defined, and the essentials of the character never change. This heroine of the story is awakened to duty and consecration at last by the voice of a school teacher who, by patient study, finds herself at last able to touch the springs of the girl's best nature.

—We have a second edition of *Superstition and Force Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, The Ordeal, Torture*, by Henry C. Lea. (Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.) It is a somber subject, these irrational superstitions organized into institutions that worked so much of horrible cruelty to the innocent. They were, doubtless, the blundering steps of humanity groping in the dark, and tearing itself on the stones as it sought its way out of barbarism into civilization. Mr. Lea's work, the only exhaustive treatise on the subject, has already been favorably received, and is here in a revised and improved form.

—*The Countess of Rudolstadt*, a sequel to "Consuelo," by George Sand, translated by Fayette Robinson, (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson), is printed on poor paper and in type so "solid" that we do not care to go further in examining it.

—*Home and Family Relations*, in the Light of Scripture, by James Inglis, (Inglis & Colles, New York), is the title of a thin duodecimo, of no special originality, but enforcing in a sensible, practical way the precepts of Scripture that bear on the family relation.

—*The Pearl Necklace and other Stories* (Henry Hoyt, Boston) is a stout 12mo volume of stories, reprinted from the English, interesting and instructive, bound in green with red edges.

—A friend asks us to tell him which is the best Bible Dictionary in one volume. Smith & Barnum's is the best, undoubtedly; but for popular use their might be a better one.

—*Sheridan's Troopers on the Border* is a story, rather well told, of adventure; though the writer does not speak accurately when he treats of Indian philology.

—*The Capture, the Prison Pen, and the Escape*, by Captain W. W. Glazier, is a spicy story of prison life. (R. H. Ferguson & Co.)

—*Frank Wentworth* (Henry Hoyt) is a good English story, turning on a family feud, such as rarely exists in this country.

A SPANISH RECREATION.

The biblical drama which is now drawing to its close at the principal theater at Seville is thus described: The performance is on a much more magnificent scale than at Madrid, where the "Seven Dolours of the Virgin" was represented at a very minor theater. At Seville everything is large and imposing. The entry of the Messiah into Jerusalem, through a crowd bearing palm branches, while similar honors are paid by a throng assembled on the arch through which he enters; the Last Supper, which is arranged after the precedent of the celebrated picture by Leonardo da Vinci, the vessels on the table being filled with an incense which perfumes the entire theater; the Crucifixion, at which the guards are mounted on real horses, are most impressive spectacles. The heads of the Jewish priesthood held their solemn meetings in an Egyptian temple liberally stocked with idols. The poverty of the scenery is in a great measure counterbalanced by the excellence of the costumes. The traditional colors and personal appearance of the biblical figures are carefully preserved, and any intelligent charity boy could recognize at a glance all the characters of the story. *Peter* is portly, *John* is young and somewhat effeminate, and *Judas* has the noted red hair. The group round the cross immediately after the death of the Redeemer could scarcely be surpassed. Great importance is attached in the Seville play to the suicide of *Judas Iscariot*, who, with the rest of the Apostles, is almost overlooked in the "Siete Dolores." An elaborate set-scene, with a moveable cataract, is provided for the occasion; and over this inclines the tree whereon the despairing traitor hangs himself in the presence of the audience. The selected branch breaks, *Judas* falls into the water, the stage becomes illumined with red fire, and a number of blue devils, very like those who carry off *Don Giovanni*, dance about to express their satisfaction. The sublimity of the awful scene is somewhat marred by the circumstance that the curtain no sooner descends than it rises again, in order that *Judas* may bow his acknowledgments to a highly appreciative public.

THE RULING SEX IN HONOLULU.

A Sandwich Island journal reports, as a street scene in Honolulu, a wife driving a sinning husband home. She was evidently berating the man, in severe terms and without stint of voice, for having left her bed and board, and stayed away all night. He, with a hang-dog look, walked quietly along, and answered never a word to his wife's tirade of abuse. This silence she apparently construed into giving consent to the truth of her accusations, and it in consequence added fuel to the flame. So, from words she came to blows. Picking up here and there on the street a stone as big as one's fist, she followed up her recreant spouse, and with accurate aim, at point blank range, hit him some tremendous thuds between the shoulders. At these he merely winced, and kept meekly on his way, while the "woman scorned" shouted her execrations louder than ever. At last a constable ventured to expostulate, but was told by the woman to mind his own business. "It was her own husband, to whom she was lawfully married, and she had a right to do what she liked with him for neglecting his marital duties." The policeman subsided before this strong-minded Hawaiian female; and the last we saw of the pair, the stronger vessel—in this case the female—was beginning apparently to relent, and, having ceased her loud talk and throwing of stones, was crying bitterly, still following in the wake of her husband toward her home.

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Farm and Garden.

DOINGS OF THE FARMERS' CLUB

THE session of Tuesday, June 14th, was a very pleasant one, and brought out many sensible and practical ideas, especially on the subject of

MAKING HAY.

J. B. LYMAN.—John Johnston told me that in 1824-29, when he settled on Seneca Lake, timothy was allowed to stand till most of the seed rattled out, and more of this dead-ripe grass was cut in August than any other month. Now thousands of tons of the best hay we have is cut and mowed away in the month of June. Second, rapid handling gives the modern haymakers a great advantage. In the days when a scythe, a rake, and a hand-fork were the only hay-making tools it was very seldom that grass could be made into hay between sunrise and sunset. Now the mower can have its work done by 9 o'clock; the tedder then sets in, and if the day is bright and the wind dry the hay may be nearly made by 2 o'clock. The horse-rake now comes in and makes ready for the cart, which is busy till nightfall. *Improvements in the system.* The houses for storing hay are generally too remote from the meadows, and too much time is consumed on the road and in lifting hay to high mows or pitching it into deep bays. The most thrifty grass farmers have several barns or barracks so situated that short trips will take the hay under shelter. Hay-forks are so extensively used that four-fifths of the crop are lifted by them instead of the hand-forks. Few farmers realize how much more important one hour in the afternoon of a sunny day in July is to them than whole days in January and February. Precious hours are wasted in careful loading and slow hauling over long roads. In this way hundreds of thousands of tons are spoiled by bad weather or left till dead ripe and nearly worthless.

H. L. READE read an essay on the same subject, of which the following is a quotation: "All grasses reach their highest point of excellence, considered as food, when they first come into blossom. The vital elements are then scattered throughout the entire plant, which in no part has suffered the exhaustion and loss attending the complete or even partial development of the seed. Grass, then, should be cut when the blossoms first open. Practically, if the grass on any given farm is mainly of one variety, it is better to begin cutting before it reaches even this state of maturity. Timothy and red top head about the same time. If we wait for the appearance of the blossoms before we begin, we shall have the matured seed and the woody and almost worthless stalk before the end is reached. In the matter of clover, if it stands erect, it is safe to wait till one-half the blossoms begin to turn; never later. The other half will be so perfected in growth that there will be no loss in quantity or quality. If lodged, it should be cut much earlier, as the decay at the root will more than counterbalance any growth elsewhere. In regard to grasses not specified, the same general rule will apply, bearing in mind that it is always better to cut considerably before it reaches perfect maturity rather than considerably after. Next and most important, How shall this grass be cured so that it can be packed in bulk and be kept without injury until such time as it is needed for food, and yet retain most of its nutritive properties? The best way, as it seems to me, is this: If there is reasonable promise of a fair day, the mowing-machine should be started at 5 o'clock the night before, and again as soon as the dew is off in the morning. By 11 all the grass that can be handled will be cut. Then transfer at once the horses from the machine to the tedder, and go over the field as soon before dinner. At 1 o'clock start the tedder a second time. At 2 attach one of the span to the horse-rake, and by 4 o'clock he has cut in the morning should have been stirred (not rolled) into tall, well-trimmed cocks, containing from eighty to one hundred pounds each. Let these stand until the first fair day following, and then open and turn as is needed, until ready for the barn, which, under ordinary circumstances, will not require more than an hour from the moment it is ready shaken out to the time that the transfer should be made to the load and from thence to the mow. It will thus be cured evenly, and the hay on getting nearly the same amount of sun. The juices will not be baked out of it, but dried in it; and most of the natural flavor, sweetness, instead of being exhaled, will remain to make the mass palatable as well as nutritious. As to clover, I advise the same process; only that, instead of opening the cocks the first day, let them stand from three to five, as the weather and circumstances render expedient—always a sufficient length of time to make any exposure to the sun, beyond pitching on to the wagon, at all, altogether needless. In this way have all the nutriment as well as bulk that the clover had when it was cut finds its way to the barn; but, if "shook out" two or three times, most of the leaves are left in the field, and the stalks are rendered unsavory as well as comparatively worthless by the combined action of the sun and dew. Generally speaking, I think that farmers err on the side of over rather than under-drying. Grass cut when perfectly free from dew, and getting a thorough and even wilt the first day, and then cooking over night, if the weather is all that can be desired, does not need much sun the second time it is exposed; in fact, if the day is hot and dry, the less (usually) the better. The suggestions made with regard to the mode of drying apply to those meadows where the yield is a ton and a half or more to the acre. Where the grass is thin, and the latter not seeded, I would advise that the cocks be raked earlier in the afternoon, and put the cocks to stand over night, even though the first day's sun might fit it for the mow. Much of the must in hay comes of making the timber from the field to the barn when the hay is charged with moisture, as in cloudy days and near nightfall. "Cleaning up," therefore, each day has its unfavorable as well as favorable side; and, as it seems to me, is not to be ordinarily commended, especially when the farmer has a supply of good hay-cape, which are eminently worthy a place in every hay-field. In conclusion, I offer the observance of the following rules: 1st. Cut the grass as it is coming into bloom—earlier rather than later. *Second.* Cut it when it is as free as may be from any moisture except its own juices. *Third.* Have special care not to over-dry, and be particular to cure evenly. *Fourth.* Make the transfer of hay from the field to the barn at or near the middle of the day, and when the air is cool and hot."

DR. STEVENSON.—It has been my practice several years to cut grass when the seed is in milk, and I am satisfied I thus secure the most amount of nutriment. As regards crops, it may be best to use a tedder and put up the same day; but my way is to cut in the morning, put in cocks, next morning open the cocks, and get the hay into the barn the same night.

MR. CLARK.—No general rule can be laid down for cutting hay, as bad weather and a poor harvest make a difference. More hay is lost by being left to get too ripe than by cutting too green; hence it is always safe to begin early, when the bloosoms first show themselves. It is a mistake that the seed in hay adds to its nutrition; for this goes into the manure-heap, undigested, and is lost. Hay should get ready beforehand. Our friends, Messrs. Reade and Lyman, talk about the quick and efficient work of the tedder, when the truth is not one farmer in a thousand has any tedder but a pitchfork. Mr. Smith seems to be in favor of progressive hay. Hay is an advanced idea, and is everything. It is the greatest and most important crop in this country. Grass enriches the soil, and is the mainstay of our herds and herds through the long winters; and it ought to be preserved in the best way, and when in the most succulent condition. The instructions we have heard today are so good that they should be enforced upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little."

MR. ELY.—And there a good deal, if made.

CULTIVATION OF FOREST TREES.

T. M. MORRISON, of Noblesville, Ind.—I am here, on the banks and in the bed of the Big Creek—which was commenced along the Big River Valley in 1836, but never completed—to see the nice growth of young forest trees; and, as its age is well limited by this time, it may be of interest to you to know its measurements. These I have taken two feet above the ground. The average circumference of each variety is given: 20 sycamore, 4 ft. 6¼ in.; 8 cottonwood, 5 ft. 3½ in.; 8 crab apple, 1 ft. 8½ in.; 2 wild cherry, 2 ft. 11½ in.; 7 honey locust, 3 ft. 3 1-7 in.; 5 red elm, 3 ft. 9 1-5 in.; 8 water elm, 3 ft. 5⅝ in.; 4 sugar maple, 2 ft. 9¾ in.; 7 black hickory, 2 ft. 8 1-7 in.; 1 mulberry measures 2 ft. 1 in.; 1 black walnut, 2 ft. 9 in.; 1 hackberry measures 4 ft. 5 in.; 1 burr oak measures 2 ft. 5 in.; 1 white oak measures 2 ft. 10 in. The black walnut is a nice tree, shaded by other timber, but is long enough for two rail cuts. It cannot be taken as a fair sample, however; as it is too small. It will be seen from the above that it would not take long to grow a respectable forest in our rich valleys of the West; and, as the timber is so much needed, on the prairies especially, the subject should receive attention. The beef supply is falling off at a fearful rate, but that of timber is leading it, and will soon be a serious question; and the only remedy will be in artificial production to meet the demand.

MR. ELY.—The statement is valuable, as showing the comparative rapidity of growth of the various varieties.

MR. CURTIS.—I wish every farmer in the land could hear and would heed what I am about to say. Set trees in unsightly places. There is scarcely a farm anywhere but has rocky ledges, which might be improved and beautified in this way. Few realize how short a time it takes for timber to attain considerable size. Trees afford shade for stock and are soon valuable for building purposes or for fuel. I set some locusts on slate ledges only a few years ago, and, though some have suffered by attacks of the borer, many are now thrifty, and as large around as my body—or, at least, as large as it used to be. I would like to show them to any doubting Thomas; and I would also be glad if unbelievers could ride, some July day, along a certain road in Saratoga County, by the side of which, in my boyhood, assisted by a younger brother, I set a dozen sugar maples. They are attractive, and make the farm fully $500 more valuable. They were dug and set by two boys—the oldest not seventeen—in less than half a day; and the fact is cited to show how little time or labor is required. It is not generally known, I think, that the legislature of this state has passed a law providing not only for the protection of roadside trees; but making it an object for proprietors to thus adorn their property. If I remember correctly, there is an abatement from the road-tax of 25 cents for each and every tree thus planted along the highway.

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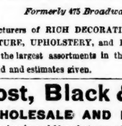

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Goods delivered in New York free of charge; also packed to any part of the country.

Bedding! Bedding!
AT SCHENCK & RYON'S BEDDING WARE HOUSE can be found, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, the largest and best-assorted stock of FEATHER BEDS, BOLSTERS, PILLOWS, FINE DOWN.
American Live Geese, Russian, and German FEATHERS.
White, Black, and Gray Hair, Husk, Moss, Sea Grass, Straw MATTRESSES and PAILLASSES.
BLANKETS, COMFORTERS, COUNTERPANES.
MARSEILLES and LANCASTER QUILTS.
Linen and Cotton SHEETS and PILLOW SLIPS, Plain, Ruffled, and Embroidered to order.
Canvas-bottom and slat COTS, SPRING MATTRESSES, etc. Red Lacea, Tow's Linsalina, Duplex, Tickings, and Burlaps in every style and quality.
STEAMBOATS, HOTELS, and PRIVATE DWELLINGS furnished at short notice and at reasonable prices, of the best materials and workmanship.
MATTRESSES REMADE, and TICKS CLEANED equal to new.
☞ Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.
SCHENCK & RYON,
263 Canal, cor. of Mulberry st., N. Y.

FURNITURE.

E. W. HUTCHINGS & SON,
99 and 101 Fourth Avenue,
Formerly 475 Broadway.
Manufacturers of RICH DECORATIVE and PLAIN FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, and DECORATIONS. One of the largest assortments in the city. Designs furnished and estimates given.

Frost, Black & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Dealers in and Manufacturers of First Class
FURNITURE
OF EVERY VARIETY,
No. 69 Bowery, near Canal street, New York.
STEAMBOATS, HOTELS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS
All goods purchased of our house guaranteed as represented.
R. W. FROST. JAMES BLACK. GEO. SNYDER.

SYPHER & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS TO D. HASLEY.)
No. 557 Broadway, New York,
DEALERS IN
MODERN & ANTIQUE FURNITURE,
BRONZES,
CHINA, and ARTICLES of VERTU.
Established 1826.

BEDDING!
JOHN H. WILCOX & CO., NO. 59 Fourth avenue, opposite Stewart's upper store, importers S. A. Horse Hair, manufacturers and dealers, wholesale and retail, in Hair, Feathers, Moss, Husk, Sponge, Eureka Mattresses, Spring Beds, and Bedding. Feathers renovated and purified by Bond & Sheldon's patent process, Live Steam. Old Feathers renovated by steam, and relieved of disagreeable odor.
JOHN H. WILCOX, formerly of Nelson & Wilcox.

W. A. WILLARD & CO.,
LOOKING GLASSES,
177 CANAL STREET,
Second Block west of the Bowery. NEW YORK.

INSURANCE.

Mercantile Mutual
(MARINE)
INSURANCE COMPANY.
No. 35 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.
Capital, - - - $1,000,000.
Assets, - - - $1,500,000.

This Company takes Marine and Inland Navigation Risks on Merchandize, Freights, and Hulls of Vessels. On the payment of Premiums a Rebate or discount on the current rates is made *in cash*, as an equivalent for the Scrip Dividends of a Mutual Company. The amount of such Rebate being fixed, according to the character of the business done by the Company, and not apportion ment of profits than by the mutual system; and, being *made in cash*, on payment of the Premiums, is more than equivalent to the *cash value* of the average Scrip Dividends of Mutual Companies.

Policies issued, making loss Payable in Gold in this City, or in Sterling at the Office of the Company's Banker in Liverpool, if desired.

TRUSTEES.

JAMES FREELAND,	AARON L. REID,
SAMUEL WILLETT,	ELLWOOD WALTER,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,	D. COLDEN MURRAY,
WILLIAM T. EGBERT,	BRYDEN MURRAY,
WILLIAM WATT,	N. L. McCREADY,
HENRY DARLING,	HENRY C. WILLETTS,
TOWNSEND SCUDDER,	L. EDGERTON,
SAMUEL MacMULLEN,	JOHN D. JONES,
JOSEPH SLAGG,	HENRY B. KUNHARDT,
JAMES B. WOLCOTT,	JOHN A. WILLIAMS,
GEO. W. HENNINGS,	WILLIAM NELSON, Jr.,
A. FOSTER HIGGINS,	CHARLES DIMON,
FRANCIS HATHAWAY,	HAROLD DOLLNER,
EDWARD ARCHBOLD,	PAUL N. SPOFFORD,
JOS. WILLETTS,	JAMES DOUGLAS.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
ARCHD. G. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Vice Pres.
ALANSON W. EGGEMAN, 2d Vice-President.
C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

AGRICULTURAL.

RAMSDELL NORWAY OATS.
Depot 29 Maiden Lane, New York.

BUY THE BEST!

STYLES, SIZES & PRICES TO SUIT ALL FARMERS
Descriptive Circulars Forwarded by Mail.

FOR FARM and NEIGHBORHOOD USE.

BUCKEYE
THRESHER AND CLEANER.
This Machine is superior to anything of the kind. Made of the best material, compact and handsomely finished, it does its work as well as the best of the large Threshers, or better. With our new PLANET LEVER POWER (4 to 6 horses) and four horses it threshes from 100 to 200 bushels of wheat and from 200 to 400 bushels of oats per day; separating thoroughly, and delivering the grain fit for market and the straw in good condition. The BUCKEYE is easily handled by the ordinary force of a farm, and is sold, with or without Trucks, at a price within reach of any thriving farmer. Send for Descriptive Circular.
BLYMYER MANF'G CO., Mansfield, O.
Victor Cane Mills, Cook's Evaporator, Victor Grain Drill.

VINEGAR HOW MADE from CIDER, WINE, MOLASSES, OR SORGHUM, in ten hours, without mother or drugs.
For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

BELLS.

TROY BELLS.
Old Established Troy Bell Foundry,
TROY, N. Y.—A large assortment of Church, Academy, Fire Alarm, and other Bells, constantly on hand and made to order. Made of genuine Bell Metal (Copper and Tin). Hung with Rotary Mountings, the best and most durable ever used. WARRANTED SATISFACTORY. Large Illustrated Catalogue sent free upon application to JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.

BELLS, STEEL COMPOSITION,
for Churches, Schools, etc.
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO., Manuf'rs, Cincinnati, O.
These celebrated Bells (not Cast Iron or "Amalgam") rival in purity and volume of tone those of copper and tin, are more durable, and cost only one-third as much. ☞ Send for Descriptive Circular.

FURNITURE, CARPETING, ETC.

FURNITURE
AT REDUCED PRICES.
A large assortment of new styles Parlor, Library, Chamber, and Dining Suits. Also Cottage Setts in all Colors.
Just out, the NEW SOFA-BED, combining a SOFA and SPRING BED.
HAIR MATTRESSES AND BEDDING.
Wm. H. LEE,
No. 199 Fulton Street,
Between Broadway and Greenwich street, and
277 Canal Street,
One door East from Broadway, N. Y.

THE
MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
NEWARK, N. J.
Organized in 1845.

LOSSES PAID ON LIVES OF DECEASED MEMBERS, $8,261,615
DIVIDENDS OF RETURN PREMIUMS DECLARED, $11,189,389
ASSETS SUBJECT TO ALL LIABILITIES JAN. 1, 1870, $19,345,640
NUMBER OF MEMBERS, 40,000;
AMOUNT INSURED.....130,000,000

The usual Dividends paid in 1870, and Two ordered paid in 1871.

The above Statement is presented by the Directors as the result of twenty-five years' business.

Conducted with prudence, nothing has been lost on investments.

Managed with economy, the expenses have always been small, the Dividends always large, declared annually, and paid when due.

Neither Directors or Officers are allowed commission on business or loans, and none have acquired wealth in the Company's service.

Intending hereafter, as heretofore, to act as faithful Trustees for the members, the Directors offer the benefits of this Mutual Life Association to all of sound health who desire to insure their lives, on the most favorable terms.

Reports, Tables, and other information on the subject furnished gratis at the office of the Company or any of its Agencies.

DIRECTORS:

LEWIS C. GROVER,	JOHN R. WEEKS,
HENRY McFARLAN,	NEHEMIAH PERRY,
CHARLES S. MACKNET,	JOSIAH O. LOW,
A. S. SNELLING,	JOSEPH A. HALSEY,
RANDALL H. GREENE,	H. N. CONGAR.
I. H. FROTHINGHAM,	OSCAR L. BALDWIN.

LEWIS C. GROVER, PRESIDENT.
H. N. CONGAR, Vice-President.
EDWARD A. STRONG, Secretary.
BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Treasurer.
AMZI DODD, Mathematician.

SAMUEL H. LLOYD, STATE AGENT.
Eastern District of New York.
137 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
No. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Assets, - - $12,000,000.
Income, - - - $6,500,000.

This Society presents all the *real* advantages to policyholders which can with safety and PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.

Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by Law and its Charter to the most solid and reliable securities.

It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.

Especial attention is directed to

THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN

of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.

The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every way merited is limited only by prudence and perfect safety.

Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving nor paying out notes as premiums or losses.

The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:

In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD.
In 1868, the SECOND.
In 1869, the FIRST.

"This Corporation, The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *Superintendent of the New York Ins. Department—Report, 1868.*

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M. D., } Medical
ALFRED LAMBERT, M. D., } Examiners.

HOME
Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
Office, No. 135 Broadway.
Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00
Assets Jan'y 1, 1870 - - - 4,516,368 46
Liabilities - - - - - 120,387 83

ABSTRACT OF THE
THIRTY-THIRD SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.
Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of January, 1870.

ASSETS

Cash, Balance in Bank	$230,156 13
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	1,460,915 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	496,275 00
United States Stocks (market value)	1,492,378 75
State, Municipal, and Bank Stocks and Bonds (market value)	696,428 00
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items	156,215 58
Total	$4,516,368 46

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 108 Broadway, N. Y
Capital, $300,000
Insures Fire Risks
AT CUSTOMARY RATES.
R. M. C. GRAHAM, President.
W. S. NEWELL, Secretary.
SAMUEL J. YOUNG, Assistant Secretary.

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
144 and 146 BROADWAY.
F. S. WINSTON, President.
ASSETS, OVER $37,000,000 CASH.
INVESTED IN LOANS ON BOND AND MORTGAGE OR UNITED STATES STOCKS.
RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary.
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

THE EXCELSIOR
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
63 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK.
Policy Holders Participate in Profits.
POLICIES NON-FORFEITING
and Convertible into Annuities.

SAMUEL T. HOWARD, President.	F. A. PLATT, Vice-President.
SIDNEY WARD, Secretary.	CHAS. N. MORGAN, Actuary.
ELLIOTT P. SHEPARD, Counsel.	EDMUND FOWLER, M.D., Medical Examiner.

GUARDIAN
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
No. 251 Broadway.
Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.

ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.

LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.

The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.

If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue annually thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.

Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.

NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.

In this case dividends begin with the fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

DIRECTORS:

HON. JOHN A. DIX	New York.
HON. JAMES HARPER	Firm: Harper & Bros. Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
JOHN J. CRANE	President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HODGES	Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE	Banker, (Vermilye & Co.)
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD	Cashier Newark Banking Co.
HON. GEORGE OPDYKE	Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOR C. MORGAN	Banker.
THOMAS RODNEY	Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. B. SHERMAN	Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD	Firm: Arnold, Constable &
RICH'D H. BOWNE	Firm: John Wetmore & Bowne.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT	Firm: E. V. Haughwout & Co.
WILLIAM WILKENS	Firm: W. Wilkens & Co
JULIUS H. PRATT	Merchant.
WILLIAM W. WRIGHT	Merchant.
CHARLES J. STAND	Merchant
WILLIAM H. FOGG	Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER	Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE	Pres't Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD	Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM	Cor. 5th av. and 23d st.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT	Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE	Counselor.
WILLIAM L. COGSWELL	Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER, Vice-President. LUCIUS McADAM, Actuary & Secretary.
W. F. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

ATLANTIC
MUTUAL IMSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., } NEW YORK, January 26th, 1870.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1869.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1869, to 31st Dec., 1869..... $6,090,637 81
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1869..... 2,738,091 23
Total amount of Marine Premiums..... $8,828,729 05

No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.

Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1869, to 31st December, 1869..... $6,473,915 41
Losses paid during the same period..... $2,202,245 45
Returns of Premiums and Expenses..... $1,227,639 49
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:
United States and State of New York Stock, City Bank, and other Stocks..... $7,585,800 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise..... 2,149,400 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages..... 210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at..... 50,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable..... 3,318,459 60
Cash in Bank..... 353,797 53
Total Amount of Assets..... $13,467,509 94

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled. Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1869, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES,	HENRY K. BOGERT,
CHARLES DENNIS,	DENNIS PERKINS,
W. H. H. MOORE,	JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr.
HENRY COIT,	C. A. HAND,
WM. C. PICKERSGILL,	B. J. HOWLAND,
JOHN CURTIS,	BENJ. BABCOCK,
CHARLES H. RUSSELL,	ROBT. B. MINTURN,
LOWELL HOLBROOK,	GORDON W. BURNHAM,
R. WARREN WESTON,	FREDERICK CHAUNCEY,
ROYAL PHELPS,	JAMES LOW,
CALEB BARSTOW,	GEORGE STEPHENSON,
A. P. PILLOT,	WILLIAM H. WEBB,
WILLIAM E. DODGE,	HENRY I. SYLVAN,
ROBT. C. FERGUSSON,	SHEPPARD GANDY,
DAVID LANE,	ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
JAMES BRYCE,	WILLIAM F. BUNKER,
FRANCIS SKIDDY,	SAMUEL SPOFFORD,
DANIEL S. MILLER,	JAMES O. DE FOREST,
WM. STURGIS,	CHAS. P. BURDETT.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

ECONOMICAL
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.
For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3. No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June 1868, 1,005, Insuring $2,588,090.45.
Number of Policies Issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,268, Insuring $3,392,136.68.

SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., } Medical Board.
F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., }
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.
W. T. OKIE, M.D., Manager for the City of New York, Office 10 Wall-st., N.Y.

BRANCH OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON,
WASHINGTON, CINCINNATI,
ST. LOU

HARRISON SAFETY BOILER.
FIRST MEDAL, LONDON, 1862.
FIRST MEDAL, AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1869.
Safety, Economy of Fuel, and Economy of Space.
400 Horse-Power at A. T. Stewart's.
437 Horse-Power at the Jersey City Sugar Refinery.
Over 1,000 Boilers in Use.
Harrison Boiler Works, Philadelphia.
J. A. COLEMAN, Agent,
New York, 110 Broadway,
Boston, 139 Federal Street.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
Nos. 22 JOHN St. and 19 MAIDEN LANE,
IMPORTERS OF
FRENCH CLOCKS and BRONZES.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
AN INVALUABLE COUNTERFEIT. The water of the Seltzer Spring. Nature's salubrious cathartic and restorative, is perfectly simulated in TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. To have it within reach is the same thing as living within a stone's throw of the living, leaping Seltzer Spring. The dyspeptic and the bilious, the nervous and the feeble, are invited to try this specific for their ailments, which is equal in every essential element to the Spa itself.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
199 Broadway, N. Y.,
Sole Proprietors, Manufacturers, and Patentees
OF THE
CELEBRATED
SILVER-PLATED
PORCELAIN-LINED ICE-PITCHERS,
SUPERIOR IN ALL RESPECTS TO ANY OTHERS NOW MANUFACTURED.
THEY HAVE THE UNIVERSAL COMMENDATION OF THE BEST TRADE,
AND ARE ENDORSED BY Dr. S. DANA HAYES, STATE ASSAYER OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHOSE DARTICIATE ACCOMPANIES EACH PITCHER.
THEY ARE NOT ONLY CLEANER AND LIGHTER, BUT ARE MUCH MORE DURABLE THAN THE METAL LINED PITCHERS.
IN ADDITION TO OUR UNEQUALED VARIETY OF FINE NICKEL AND WHITE METAL ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE, WE NOW OFFER AN ENTIRELY NEW LINE OF SILVER-PLATED
PERSIAN, ROMAN, AND GOTHIC PATTERNS
OF
FORKS AND SPOONS,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY OF DESIGN AND FINISH CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
A production not as yet equally plated by our new patent process, s which deposits the silver any requisite thickness on the parts most *exposed to wear.*
THEY ARE UNEQUALED FOR DURABILITY BY ANY NOW IN THE MARKET MADE BY THE OLD PROCESS.
ALL SPOONS AND FORKS PLATED BY THIS IM PROVED METHOD ARE STAMPED
1847----ROGERS BROS.----XII.
AND OUR TRADE-MARK, AS BELOW,
Trade Mark for ELECTRO PLATE. Trade Mark for ELECTRO PLATE.
White Metal. Nickel Silver.
Warehouse and Salesroom,
No. 199 Broadway,
AND AT THE MANUFACTORIES,
West Meriden, Connecticut.

Reed & Barton
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
PATENT SEAMLESS-LINED
ICE PITCHER,
which, after a careful test by Dr. Hayes, Sate Assayer of Massachusetts, was approved by him as preserving water perfectly pure.
Also are manufacturers of
ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE
of every description.
Factories established at Taunton, Mass., in 1824.
Salesroom at Factory and
NO. 2 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

WALTHAM WATCHES.
You can open the package and examine the watch before paying.
We send Genuine Waltham Watches with the privilege, by Express, to any part of the country, with the bill to collect on delivery. Solid Silver Hunting Watches at $18; Gold Hunting Watches $70. *Every Watch warranted by special certificate.* Send for our descriptive price list, which explains the different kinds, and gives weight of each of the cases, with prices of each. Watches sent C. O. D. as follows:
Messrs. HOWARD & CO., No. 785 Broadway, N. Y.:
Please send me your Illustrated Price-List of WALTHAM WATCHES, as per advertisement in THE INDEPENDENT.
SIGN NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.
And you will receive it, postpaid, by return mail. It gives all the information desired, and explains our plans of sending Watches by Express without any risk to the purchaser.
HOWARD & CO.,
785 Broadway, New York,
(Formerly of No. 619 Broadway.)

HARNESS
AT REDUCED PRICES.
FINE CARRIAGE and ROAD HARNESS of every description on hand and made to order, of the VERY BEST MATERIAL, and WARRANT all goods as represented. Also HORSE CLOTHING, in great variety, at wholesale and retail. Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Bits, etc., of MY OWN importation, at the lowest cash prices.
R. CAMPBELL,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER,
80 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.
FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, ENGLISH SADDLES AND BRIDLES, WHIPS, BLANKETS, SHEETS, ROBES, Etc., Etc.
Single Harness, complete, $8 to $175 per set.
Double " $20 to $600 per set.
Saddles $4 to $200 a piece.
THE TRADES MANUFACTURING CO.
Warehouse, 10 College Place, N. Y.
Factory, corner River and Center Streets, Newark, N. J.

THE
Union Spring Hinge
FOR DOORS AND GATES.
The most effective and best Hinge ever made.
UNION FERRY COMPANY, Brooklyn.
Address
THE UNION SPRING HINGE COMPANY,
79 Chambers street, N. Y
Send for Circular.

OTIS' Safety Hoisting Machinery.
OTIS BROTHERS & CO., No. 348 Broadway, New York.

ASK YOUR WATCHMAKER FOR A
BOREL & COURVOISIER
NICKEL EQUILIBRIUM ESCAPEMENT
LEVER MOVEMENT.
The best made in Europe and America. QUINCHE & KRUGLER, 15 Maiden Lane, Sole Agents in U. S.

"USE THE AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT." Cost less than pure lead and oil, and wears better as long. For sale by BERLEY & STEVENS, 54 Murray and 55 Park Place.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY.
First Mortgage, CONVERTIBLE, SINKING FUND, SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD BONDS.
PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
Coupons Payable April and October 1st.
FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.
This is an East and West Road, 205 miles in length, running from Indianapolis, Ind., to Pekin, Ill., through many large cities and thriving towns, as well as the richest Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Coal-Mining districts in Indiana and Illinois.
The Road has 36 Depots located in towns that contain in the aggregate a population of 100,000, thus averaging over 100 inhabitants to every square mile within a radius of a half mile of the track on the whole line, which, with the thickly-populated and rich country adjoining, with a population of over 600,000 within 20 miles of this line, will furnish local trade more than ample to make it a first-class paying road; while, with its numerous and valuable connections, the business will be such as to make it one of the best and most profitable roads in the country.
The whole line is completed except thirty-five miles of the division in Indiana, which is nearly all graded and under contract to be finished in June next; hence 170 miles of the road is now in full operation, and equipped with new first-class rolling stock, consisting of 25 locomotives, 23 passenger coaches, 17 baggage and express cars, and 750 box, stock, and coal cars.
THESE BONDS ARE SECURED BY A FIRST MORTGAGE ON THE RAILWAY, ITS ROLLING STOCK, DEPOTS, WAREHOUSES, MACHINE SHOPS, LANDS, AND THE ENTIRE PROPERTY OF THE COMPANY.
By referring to any map, it is easily seen that this is a Grand Central Trunk Road, through one of the wealthiest and most prosperous regions in the United States, connecting directly with all the principal lines on the East, leading to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore on the Atlantic; and on the West with Quincy, Keokuk, Peoria, Burlington, Rock Island, Davenport, Omaha, and the Pacific. Thus, on the whole, forming the grandest and most favorable connections for through business of any line in America.
And, while this road has such true and valuable connections for through trade, it is entirely independent of same. The local business is certainly more than enough to sustain the road. Its geographical position is enough, located as it is amid all that is requisite to require it as a real necessity—and substantiate all that is said to its favor—which is fully demonstrated by its present business. The monthly earnings now amount to more than double the interest on its bonds, and it is safe to estimate same at least four times as much immediately on the completion of the road, and with a progressive future equal to any road in this country.
These Bonds may be registered in the name of the owner, if desired, free of expense, and are convertible into Stock of the Company at par, any time, at the option of the holder, and the market value of such option greatly increases their value, as the Stock cannot be increased only by exchanging for a like amount of Bonds.
A prominent and important feature of the Company is the fact that its capital is limited to $5,000,000 Stock and $5,000,000 Bonds, on which there can be no change, except by the conversion of the Bonds into Stock; and then the total capital will always remain the same. $2,000,000 of these Bonds are set aside, in trust, with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York City, to redeem and cancel the Bonds of the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad Company, now merged into the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway. Of the remaining $3,000,000, over $1,500,000 have been sold here and in Europe.
Having carefully examined this road from time to time, during its construction, the substantial manner in which it is built, with its complete equipments, also being familiar with the wealth and resources of the Country along the line, the worth and responsibility of the Company, its efficient management and present earnings, we do not hesitate to recommend the Bonds as a first-class security to all seeking investments about which there can be no question. We are authorized to offer them at 90 and accrued interest in currency.
At this low price, without doubt, the loan will be quickly marketed, certainly that the Government will soon fund the 5-20s into a 4 to 5 per cent. Bond makes it desirable for holders to look for some better paying investment. Thus, by exchanging 5-20s for Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway Bonds, the present premium will be saved, making a difference of 20 to 25 per cent. on the capital, and better rates of interest.
Bonds delivered at all points free of express charges. All marketable securities received in exchange at best rates.
Turner Brothers,
BANKERS,
NO. 14 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

Financial & Commercial.

RAILWAYS AND THE SUPREME COURT OF MICHIGAN.

In 1869 the legislature of Michigan passed a general law "to enable any township, city, or village to pledge its aid, by loan or donation, to any railroad company now chartered or organized, or that may hereafter be organized, under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Michigan, in the construction of its road." Previously similar laws had been enacted, bestowing the power upon particular townships to lend their credit in aid of railroad construction; and in 1869 the principle was extended to the whole state. Under these provisions of law quite an amount of securities and bonds has been issued by local authorities, and is now held by parties purchasing them in good faith.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has, by a recent decision, pronounced all these laws unconstitutional, and hence null and void; and this, of course, is fatal to the *legal* validity of these securities and bonds. The ground taken by the court is that railroads are *private* property, built, owned, and managed in the interests of the stockholders; and that, whatever may be their incidental public benefits, the legislature of the state has no power, "under the name of a bounty, or under any other cover or subterfuge, to furnish the capital to set private parties up in any kind of business, or to subsidize their business after they have entered upon it." Such legislation, as the court decides, is not within the limits of the constitution of the State of Michigan; and hence the bonds based upon it are legally no better than so much waste paper.

To meet the exigency created by these facts, Governor Baldwin has issued a call for an extraordinary session of the legislature. The object, as the governor states it, is to prepare the way for such constitutional amendments, to be voted on by the people next November, as will "enable the several municipalities whose bonds have been thus issued to recognize their obligations and provide for their payment," and thus "keep their honor and credit inviolate." This strikes us as being just and right. The "municipalities" in question supposed that they had legal authority to do what they did. On this basis they issued their bonds in good faith, and on the same basis they were purchased. The people represented in the legislature gave them the authority for so doing; and, if the legislature has committed a mistake as to its constitutional powers, then surely the bondholders ought not to suffer loss thereby. The least that the people can honorably do is to make the bonds already issued valid, and enable the municipalities to take suitable measures for their payment. Any other course would be an act of repudiation under the technicalities of law, and make the whole State of Michigan virtually a party to it.

Whether the constitution should be so amended as to make all *future* acts of a similar kind valid when authorized by the legislature is a different question. The doctrine of the Supreme Court seems to be sound as a general principle. Manifestly the state ought not to tax the people, or provide for their taxation, in the interest of private enterprises; and yet *some* enterprises of this character may be so intimately connected with the public good as fairly to raise the question whether they should not be made exceptions in the discretion of the legislature. Railroads are enterprises that demand a large outlay of capital; and, in some cases at least, they would not and could not be built unless the companies were in some way assisted by state aid. This was true of the Pacific Railways, and equally so of the Illinois Central Railroad. It hence strikes us that, while the doctrine of no state aid to *private* enterprises is good as a general principle, there are cases in which the exception is better. The public will gain more by acting upon the exception than by rigidly adhering to the principle itself.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB AND THE INCOME TAX.

The resolutions adopted last week by the Union League Club of New York, at a special meeting appointed for their consideration, possess the true ring. They call things by their right names. We so heartily approve of them that we here reproduce three of these resolutions, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the act of Congress providing that the income tax shall be levied until and including 1870 and no longer is a solemn compact with the people, which good faith requires should be sacredly observed.

"*Resolved*, That in this country labor can in no sense be considered capital subject to taxation, and that there is now no imminent peril to the public credit requiring that salaries, wages, and labor in its various forms shall be subjected to onerous, discriminating, and inquisitorial legislation.

"*Resolved*, That an income tax, as embodied in the bill which recently passed the House of Representatives, upon income derived from profits of capital in trade or business, or in the form of invested property, and levied solely upon income above a line of exemption which in fact exempts more than four-fifths of the income of the same class of accumulated wealth as is subject to the tax, and which will be imposed upon less than 100,000 persons, is an act of arbitrary exaction, violating the great and fundamental principle of equality of all before the law, and wholly unwarranted in the present peaceful and prosperous condition of the country."

We say *amen* to these resolutions. They contain their own argument. The people understand this question, if Congress does not. They submitted uncomplainingly to the income tax during the war, not because they approved this method of raising a revenue, but because it seemed to be a stern necessity. They took it as a sick man swallows a dose of medicine, regarding it as the least of two evils, and by no means expecting to be forever compelled to bear this sort of financial medication. The question has been thoroughly canvassed by the public mind; protests have been poured into the ears of Congress; nine-tenths of the Republican journals have denounced the income tax in strong and emphatic terms; its inequality, injustice, inquisitorial features, and corrupting tendencies have been exposed; the total want of any necessity for its continuance has been shown; and yet the House of Representatives, seemingly insensible to the public voice, has sent a bill to the Senate which, if it becomes a law, gives a new and indefinite lease of life to this "infernal" tax.

Do the members of the House know what they are about? We take the liberty of telling them that there is a deep undercurrent of public feeling which legislation in this country must respect. The Republican party will be held responsible for the continuance of this tax, if the Senate and the President shall approve the act of the House, and thus make it a fixed feature of our revenue system; and this responsibility will cost the party great many votes in the next congressional election. The people rule this country; and, if the officers of law decline to execute their will, they have a habit of retiring them to private life, and putting others in their place. The Republican party is not so strong that it can safely bolt itself against public sentiment.

TAXING GOVERNMENT BONDS.

By a decision of the Supreme Court, rendered many years since, it was settled that no state or municipal authority has the constitutional right to levy any tax upon bonds issued by the General Government. The ground taken by the Court is that, if this right were conceded, then it might be so exercised as effectually to destroy the power of the Government "to borrow money" and pledge the credit of the United States, as provided for in the Constitution. If a state could tax the national bonds one per cent., then it might tax them ten per cent., or at any other rate in its discretion; and, if so, then their market value, as an investment for the sake of the interest, might be greatly impaired, if not wholly destroyed, by state legislation. This plainly would be inconsistent with the grants of power to Congress; and hence the Court ruled that all taxation of national bonds by any local authority is unconstitutional. Such is now the settled law of the land; and that, too, whether these bonds are expressly exempted from such taxation or not.

This decision, however, does not apply to the question whether the Government itself has the right to tax its own bonds. Some have held to such a right, and claimed that it should be exercised. General Butler adopts this view; and not long since the Democratic State Convention of Ohio gravely resolved that such a tax should be imposed, in amount equal to "the fair average rate of taxation in each state" for state purposes. The idea is upon its very face an infamous one. In respect to these bonds, the Government is a *debtor*, and is bound by the same rules of honor and truthfulness that are applicable to all debtors. Having made a contract with its creditor for the payment of money at a given rate of interest, it has no moral right so to exercise its legal powers as to change the terms of this contract in respect to either principal or interest. To do so would be a gross violation of public faith. If the Government may reduce the rate of interest by retaining a portion of it under the name of a *tax*, or diminish the value of its own bonds by taxing them as personal property, then it has the power *wholly* to cancel its own obligations in this way. The least exercise of such a power would not only be a plain and positive act of cheating, but also imply that the degree of the exercise is a mere question for governmental discretion. It would place the rights of the creditor in the tender mercies of the debtor, and leave it at the option of the latter to repudiate his own obligations. Such a principle as between private individuals would not be tolerated for a moment; and surely it is no better when sought to be practiced by a government. It is the law of knavery, and nothing else.

The effect of adopting this doctrine, even as a theory, would be most disastrous upon the credit of the Government. Let it be once understood that it may at its pleasure repudiate its obligations under the form of a tax upon its own securities—let this be accepted as the current idea of the American people—and the United States would then have no credit in the money market of the world, and deserve none. One of the reasons why our national securities, notwithstanding our ample resources and high rates of interest, sell for less than English consols, that yield a much lower rate of interest, consists in the doubt which has been created in respect to our financial integrity. At one time we have had the proposition to pay our debts by an unlimited issue of irredeemable paper, and at another the equally base proposition of changing the contract by taxing the national bonds. These ideas have been advocated on the floor of Congress, and found favor with a great many Democrats, and we regret to say a few Republicans. The majority of the people has steadily voted them down by voting men into power opposed to them—at least, in sufficient numbers to make the action of the Government honest toward its creditors. We hope never to see the day when the majority will take any other view. We believe that in this respect capitalists, both at home and abroad, may safely trust the integrity of the people. Everything that has in it even the faintest smell of repudiation should itself be promptly repudiated. The country can afford to be honest; but it certainly cannot afford to impair its credit by being dishonest.

GOVERNMENT AND RAILROAD BONDS.

The gold and currency coupons and dividends which are to be paid by the Government and various state, municipal, and railway corporations on the 1st proximo will aggregate a far larger amount than ever before since the establishment of the Government. We have heard the amount estimated as high as $90,000,000 in currency. To what use will this enormous sum be applied? It must be reinvested in some form or other. Governments are too high to be tempting, particularly so in the event of a 4 per cent. funding bill passing Congress. Railway stocks are out of question for two reasons: 1st, because they are already high; and, 2d and mainly, because the large majority of those persons who receive coupons and dividends are those who are known as investors, *not* speculators.

Good state bonds are generally worth par or a premium. City bank stock cannot be thought of, for the reason that shares now rule from 115 to 150. The same is true as applied to insurance and gas stock and scrip. Clearly, then, the only security left, and, in our judgment, always the best, is railway bonds. The holder of a *good* railway bond has a security which is substantially money, with this advantage, that, when bought right, it is yielding from 7 per cent to 10 per cent. interest upon the money invested. Of none other of the above-named securities can this be said, those buying them receiving but a very small return for their money, with the chances of being obliged to submit to a heavy decline should any event occur which would shake confidence. Railway bonds, on the other hand, as a rule, decline but little during a panic and are generally certain of an immediate recovery. Unless Congress should commit some extravagant action upon financial matters, which they will hardly do, we see no reason to doubt that there will be an extraordinary ease in money during the summer and far into the autumn; and we think that our readers cannot do a wiser action than to place their surplus money in first-class railway bonds.

We clip the following from the New York *World* of June 20th:

"The total amount of funded debt on the railroads of the Northern and Western States amounts to the vast sum of *six hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars*. Out of this sum at the present time all the companies pay the interest on their first mortgage bonds excepting two—viz., the Atlantic and Great Western and Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroads. It will be hard to find any other class of investment in the world to the extent of $662,000,000 where the principal and interest can show so trifling a default in interest, with no loss at all on the principal. The keen and experienced capitalists of Europe are become fully aware of the fact that there is no investment in the world more safe and none so profitable in the aggregate as American railroad property. The table of details in all these Northern and Western railroads is the progress of the railway tonnage of the country. Nineteen years ago, in 1851, the total tonnage of all our railroads was five millions of tons. Their earnings that year from the transportation of freight amounted to $20,192,104. The number of pounds weight transported equaled 416 pounds per head of population. In 1869, eighteen years afterward, the tonnage of all the railroads of the country equaled 1,170,798,500 tons, or an average of 6,122 pounds per head—showing an increase of about 1,500 per cent., or at the rate of about 80 per cent. per annum. The value of the tonnage transported in 1851 was $750,000,000. In 1869 it was $10,800,000,000, or about fourteen times greater than eighteen years before. The value of the tonnage transported in 1851 equaled $31 per head; in 1869 it was $283 per head. The total increase of tonnage during the period of eighteen years was 112,793,500 tons; the annual increase was 6,378,861 tons; and the increase of value was the enormous sum of $8,956,666,666, or about one-fourth of the whole national debt.

"Mr. Poor also shows in his book that the tonnage of our railroads averages 2,500 tons to the mile of line. Assuming that the railroads constructed during the past year, amounting to 5,000 miles, will transport only half of the average amount, then the gross tonnage will be 6,250,000 tons, having a value of $937,500,000, or nearly half the amount of the national debt. We again repeat that Mr. H. V. Poor's book gives a more succinct and perfect idea of the growing wealth and wonderful progress of the United States than any other book extant."

MONEY MARKET.

Although our City Banks have been sending off some of their redundant greenbacks to the West during the past week, as is shown in their statement of Saturday last, they still retain a much larger amount than the healthy requirements of business call for, and they might continue to lose an equal amount for the next two months without being in the least degree embarrassed by it. The last Bank Statement is generally regarded in Wall Street as favorable, for the loss of legal tender was much less than anticipated, while there was an unanticipated increase in their gold reserve. The following are the figures of the statement, which are sufficiently favorable to a cheap money market:

	June 11.	*June 18.*	*Changes.*
Loans	$276,419,576	$276,089,004 Inc.	$260,428
Specie	28,025,819	28,295,971 Inc.	272,152
Circulation	35,149,189	35,075,645 Dec.	69,545
Deposits	230,690,260	230,992,882 Dec.	766,438
Legal-tenders	60,159,170	58,180,251 Dec.	2,023,169

The banks now hold $25,764,809 in excess of the reserve required by law.

The rates of interest have been lower than at any time during the year. Call loans have been freely made at 3 to 5 per cent., the majority of transactions being at 4 per cent. on railway and miscellaneous collaterals. On Government bonds the loans have been at 3 per cent., and on two days there were loans to some of the Government bond-brokers at 2 per cent.

But, with all this abundance of money, and with a good prospect of a continuation of low rates of interest, there has been an unaccountable absence of a speculative feeling in any department of the Stock Exchange, which has baffled the calculations of all the old operators, who had made their arrangements for a lively summer campaign.

There are so many different causes which have induced this stagnant condition of affairs that it might be confusing to those not intimately acquainted with the hidden machinery of our financial movements to attempt to explain them. The great fact is all that need be stated; and that is, that a state of inactivity and dullness rules in the stock market, in spite of the most tempting opportunities that have ever been presented to the large speculators for realizing enormous fortunes, with hardly a possibility of failure. And yet no bold operator steps forward to improve the golden opportunity, which we do not believe is going to be allowed to pass away. It is probable that, as soon as the Senate gives some indications of what its action will be in relation to the $95,000,000 Currency Bill passed by the House, a sudden change will take place in Wall Street; for, if the bill should become a law, no intelligent financier, banker, or merchant can doubt that its influence will be in a high degree stimulating to the commercial interests of the country. Money will then be continuously plenty; but the fear now is that the present ease in the money market is treacherous and uncertain.

The gold market has been very steady during the week, ranging between 113⅛ and 112⅜, with a constant tendency to lower price. The following figures show the prices for the past week:

	Highest.	*Lowest.*
Monday	113⅝	113⅜
Tuesday	113	112⅞
Wednesday	113⅛	112⅝
Thursday	113⅜	113
Friday	113⅝	113⅜
Saturday	113⅝	113⅜

On Monday of the present week the price was steady at 112⅜ to 113⅜.

DRY GOODS.

The hot season having fairly set in, very little business in dry goods will be transacted before the first of August, except to fill the orders which our jobbers get from the West and to supply the near-by and city trade. Though the season is over, and no considerable demand can be expected for a month, at least, there have been no indications of a decline in the prices of domestic cotton fabrics, which is rather remarkable considering the low price of the raw material and the prospects of a considerable increase in the year's production of cotton, which is estimated at 500,000 bales over the product of 1869. It has been assumed that the increased demand for our breadstuffs this year would put the West in possession of so much money that the farmers would have more to spend for clothing than usual; and the consequence would be an increased demand for every description of dry goods. But already the demand for wheat from England and France has had a check, and it is not certain that the shipments of grain will justify the confident expectations which were entertained a week ago. There is a safer basis for calculation in the largely-increased European immigration which has set toward our shores this season. The addition of ten thousand persons a week from this source to our population necessitates a largely-increasing demand for clothes, which the dry goods trade will have to supply in some shape or other. The south, too, has become so prosperous that its needs in this respect have been immensely developed. The freedmen—who have until lately barely been able to cover their nakedness with the coarsest and cheapest materials—are rapidly being educated up to the point of refinement which demands luxury of raiment and finery. It is the demand from this source which has sustained the dry goods interest the present year, and will be more sensibly felt the coming season.

There are no changes to be noted in the market for unbleached shirtings and sheetings. There is a small but steady demand for heavy and light weights, sufficient to prevent anything like a glut in the market. Prices are well sustained, and in standard fabrics there has been no decline. Appleton A and Indian Head standards and Laurel D are still held at 15 cts.; Wachusetts, 14½ cts.; Nashua O, 32-inch, 13 cts.; Everett Mills AA, 14 cts.; Newmarket A, 4-4, 12 cts.; Indian Head, 30-inch, 13 cts.

In bleached shirtings and sheetings the sales are most confined to a few of the best qualities of favorite makes. While prices remain at the present high range there is no likelihood of any speculative purchases. The sales are merely to supply the hand-to-hand trade of the day. New York Mills are at 24 cts.; Wamsuttas, at 21½ cts. for 4-4; Newmarket W, 16 cts.; Utica fine Nonpareils, 4-4, 20 cts.; do., 33-inch, 19 cts.; Fruit of the Loom, 17 cts.

Printing-cloths are less active and lower. 64 standards in the gray are quoted at 6¼ cts.; extras, 6¾ to 6¾ cts.

Prints have been in better demand than almost any other description of domestic cottons, and the prices of favorite makes are well sustained; but some of the large jobbers have been offering inferior makes at a reduction of 1⅛ cts. a yard. Sprague's fancies are held by the agents at 11 cents, less 4 per cent. 30 days; do., robe patterns, 11¼ cts.; Pacific Company's light fancies, 11⅛ cts.; Merrimac medium D fancy, 12 cts.; American Print Works, 11⅛ cts. regular for medium and light fancy.

Ginghams are in good demand for the best makes; but the inferior are neglected and prices are lower.

In other descriptions of domestic cottons the demand is very limited and trade dull; but prices remain without any essential change, and no revision can be expected before the fall demand sets in.

In woolen goods there is the usual languid feeling at this season of the year, and but few transactions; but prices have undergone no change. The large clothing-houses have made their purchases of cloths, and there is very little movement in that class of goods.

Overcoatings have been in moderate demand and prices are firm.

Fancy cassimeres of low and medium grades sold freely, and prices have been well sustained; but the demand has slackened off considerably.

Satinets of favorite grades are in fair demand, and prices have been well kept up. The sales are not active now; but tip-tops are sold up close to production, and the supply hardly equals the demand. No. 1 sells at 90 cts., No. 2 at 85 cts.

FOREIGN GOODS.

There is nothing new to report in the market for foreign goods. With the exception of a few light dress-goods, mostly adapted to the city trade, there are but few goods coming in now beyond the ordinary importation of standard fabrics, such as linens and plain silks. Our importers have no reason to complain of their business for the spring, and they will enter upon their preparations for the fall and winter business with a much more confident feeling than they entertained last year. They have no reason to anticipate any such violent fluctuations in the gold market as those that so disturbed their calculations last fall.

☞ In connection with our dealings in GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND CENTRAL AND WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS, we offer for safe, steady investments the SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY, at 90 and accrued interest from May 1st.
FISK & HATCH,
Bankers, etc., No. 5 Nassau st.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BROOM CORN.—The supply is large and the market has declined. Sales of Mixed at 10@11 cts., Medium Green at 12@12½ cts., and Choice Hurl at 13@14 cts. Brooms are dull at $1 50@$4 50 per dozen.

COAL.—A fair demand for Domestic for the East, at full former prices. Sales from yard at $5 75@$7 per ton. Foreign is inactive and prices nominal.

COFFEE.—There has been no further changes in the price of Brazils, and a fair call from jobbers for good lots of stock, the market showing a comparatively steady tone. Nothing like activity took place, however; and, with increasing supplies and a proposed reduction of the tariff, holders are rather more willing to negotiate than buyers. Other styles dull and without interesting features. We quote in coin as follows: Rio in bond, 10½@11½ cts. for fair to good cargoes; do., duty paid, 14½@18 cts.; Java, 20¼@22¾ cts.; Maracaibo, 17@19 cts.; Laguayra, 18@19 cts.; Ceylon, 17½@19½ cts.

COTTON.—For goods on the spot operators have shown very little interest, and worked only to the extent of the necessities of the hour: buyers, both domestic and foreign, merely filling positive orders; and holders, though refraining from pressing sales, offering enough stock for the outlet, and accepting almost any reasonable bid. For future delivery there has been considerable irregularity, and a further material decline under depressing foreign advices; but the rates are now considered pretty low, and sellers were less inclined to operate. Still there were very few fresh purchases, buyers merely covering outstanding engagements. The latest sales were at 20 cts. for June, 30½ cts. for July, and 19¼ cts. for August—all on basis of Low Middling. Crop advices are quite favorable from all sections. The general market closes with rather more tone, on encouraging foreign advices, at 21¼ cts. for Milling Uplands and 20¾ cts. for Low Middling.

FLAX.—A limited demand at our revised quotations. We quote State at 11@13¼ cts., ordinary and prime Western 10¼@11 cts., Canadian 10@13 cts., Tow Carded 6@9 cts., New Green 2½@3 cts., and Stale Green 2½ cts. per lb.

HAY.—The market is very quiet. Sales of Shipping at 75@85 cts., and retail lots at 95@$1 10. Long Rye Straw is selling at 95@$1 15, and Short 80@85 cts. per 100 lbs.

MOLASSES.—Refiners have been in want of supplies, and all good boiling lots sold well at full prices; but other styles met with little call and are somewhat nominal, particularly on inferior stock. We quote nominally at 30@32½ cts. for New Orleans, 27@29 cts. for Cayed do., 37@45 cts. for New Muscovado, 50@68 cts. for Porto Rico, and New Orleans 80@95 cts.

OIL CAKE.—The supply of Western is moderate and holders are firmer. Sales City Thin in Bags, $42 gold, and do. in bbls. at $45 gold; and Western Thin Oblong at $43 50@$44 currency.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Hog products has again shown a pretty strong and uniform tone, and but few desirable goods could be found offering. The consumptive and shipping demands, however, were very light throughout the week, and the movement confined almost entirely to speculative manipulations. Mess Pork immediately following our last was a little easier; but quickly recovered, and subsequently had a very strong tone. At the close the call is moderate, but prices well sustained. Other cuts neglected and somewhat nominal. We quote at $22 50@$22 25 for Prime and Extra Prime, $25 75@$26 00 for Prime Mess, and $30 75@$30 87½ for Mess. For future delivery the business has been mainly in the extension of contracts, the market closing quiet, with sales of Mess at $30 87½, seller's option, August. Beef in fair jobbing demand from the trade; the supply of desirable goods small and prices firm at $12@$15 for Plain Mess and $15 50@$18 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef quiet but scarce and firm at $27@$28 for Prime Mess and $30@31 for India Mess. Beef Hams are in small supply and worth about $30@$35 for Chicago Smoked. Prime Lard in good demand and rather firmer for choice stock, of which the supply is small. We quote at 20@21¼ cts. for Prime, Salted and Pickled Shoulders, 16½@18 cts. for Pickled Hams, 19¼@23 cts. for Tight Tierce and Bagged Hams. Bacon dull and still worth about 15@15¾ cts. for City Cumberland cuts. Tallow and Lard has again been neglected by consumers, and, so far as the actual movement of the stock on Western was concerned, almost nothing done. For speculation, however, there was a little call; and, the desirable supply being well under control, holders insisted upon extreme prices. At this close the offerings in larger and prices rather weak. We quote at 14¼@14⅝ cts. for No. 1, 15@15¼ cts. for City, and 16@16¼ cts. for Steam. The latest sales for City delivery were 16¼ cts. for both June and July.

RICE.—Domestic is firmly held, but rather neglected for the cheaper foreign. Rangoon has sold fairly to the trade and for export at about former figures. We quote Carolina at 8@8¾ cts.; Rangoon, 7@7½ cts., duty paid; and in bond, 5@5¾ cts., gold.

SEEDS.—Only a limited inquiry for Grass Seeds, and prices are somewhat nominal. Sales of Clover at 14@14¼ cts., and Timothy at $4 75@$5 per bushel. Rough Flax Seed is scarce and prices are nominal.

SUGARS.—Raws have been firmly held and sparingly offered throughout the week; and, though the agitation of the proposed reduction of duties makes buyers cautious, a very fair amount of stock was sold, principally to refiners. At the close the market is dull; and, though sustained, prices are not over firm. We quote at 9⅝@9¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining; 9¾@10⅛ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery; and 10¼ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined continued in very fair demand, but are again a trifle easier. We quote at 13⅝@13¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; and 13¼@13⅜ cts. for White "A."

TALLOW.—The demand is more active and prices have improved. Sales of 350,000 lbs. at 9⅛@9⅝ cts. for Country and 9¾@9¾ cts. for City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 21st, 1870.
[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

The demand for Beef Cattle has been only moderate, and the market is steady.

The market for Milch Cows continues dull, and prices are unchanged.

The market for Sheep and Lambs is steady, with a moderate business.

Swine remain much the same.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	16¾@17	17 @17½
First quality	15¼@16	15½@16¼
Second quality	13 @15¼	15½@15¾
Third quality	12 @13	14 @15
Inferior	10 @12¼	10 @15½
Average of all sales about	14¾@15	— @15¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$90@100	$90@100
Good	75@ 85	75@ 85
Fair	60@ 70	60@ 70
Inferior and Common	40@ 55	40@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	10 @10¼	10 @10¼
Good	8¾@ 9¼	8¾@ 9¼
Common	7¾@ 8	7¾@ 8
Inferior	6 @ 7	6 @ 7

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice, per lb.	7 @ 7¼	7¼@ —
Extra	6¾@ 6¾	6¾@ 7¼
Good	6 @ 6¼	6 @ 6¼
Common	5¾@ 5¾	5¾@ 5¾
Inferior	4½@ 5	4½@ 5

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	9 @ 9¾	11¾@11¾.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY